

pb-24

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AL T. TUDE



THE CADET



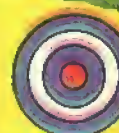
CHAMELEON

September

# TARGET

COMIC

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10¢

AL T. TUDE  
WAS STUNG  
INTO ACTION!

Vol. 3 No.7





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

This page is going to press before the August issue of TARGET has been placed on sale so we have not yet received any letters from readers, telling us how they have earned money with which to buy United States War Bonds and Stamps. (Remember, in the last issue of TARGET we promised to send ten 10¢ War Savings Stamps to the writer of each letter that was published on Ye Editor's Page and the letters we printed would be a few of the best ones telling how the writer had earned money with which to buy War Stamps.)

We didn't receive this story in a letter, but one young fellow dropped in to see the editors personally and told us of a way in which he had raised money to buy War Savings Stamps that we thought made him a REAL AMERICAN. This chap had, at considerable expense and trouble, acquired a complete library of a great many comic magazines including TARGET and BLUE BOLT. He had every single issue of these magazines since they were first published, and he expected that some day all of his complete volumes would be worth a lot of money. Well, when Uncle Sam started urging all of his nephews and nieces to "BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS", this lad gathered up all of the old newspapers and scrap iron that he could find, to take it down and sell it so he could buy some of those Stamps of his Uncle's. Then, when he was about ready to take his junk down, he suddenly thought of all those comic magazines he had. They would be worth a lot more money some day than he could ever get for them as junk now, but still he couldn't help thinking about Uncle Sam's fighting men all over the world, who were sacrificing a whole lot more than our friend could hope to give. Besides, even though it was only a little bit, it's the drops of water that make a lake and the dimes that make the dollars that will help us win the war. After looking at it in this way, he figured there was only one thing to do and he did it. He put that big library of comic magazines in with the other waste paper and sold the whole pile. He decided that the waste paper would be used by Uncle Sam to help build a nice perishable coffin for someone in the Axis Powers, and the dimes that he loaned to his Uncle from the sale of the paper would buy a few bullets for some United States soldier or sailor to use on a Jap or a German who would fill the coffin.

Giving up those magazines that he had worked so hard to collect wasn't fun, but fun won't help win the war and buying War Saving Stamps will.

Are YOU doing YOUR part to HELP KEEP 'EM FLYING?

Cordially yours,

The Editors

Dear Editors:

I've just finished reading the April TARGET and it sure was a swell little book. I'm in the Army Medical Detachment Unit over at the Station Hospital. Our patients also read TARGET Comics and also the rest of the boys here, and we sure enjoy it. As we are on Harbor Defense, and don't leave here very often, we just step up to the Post Exchange and buy a TARGET Comics.

At my other camp where I was stationed before I came here, I found all the fellows at the hospital as well as officers, were regular readers of TARGET Comics. Well, I guess this is all, so I'll close with thanks and hoping you'll keep up the good work for the boys in the service.

Yours truly,  
Private Charles W. Pugh  
Fort Strong, Mass.

—(More and more letters similar to yours are being received from men in the service, and they do our hearts good. Our other readers with their War Stamp purchases are getting behind you fellows 100%, and you can be sure that TARGET will continue to do its part in entertainment and appeals to pave your road to VICTORY.)

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

In every issue of TARGET Comics the letters run something like this:

"The Target ought to be replaced by something better", or, "Spacehawk is too gory". And then there are those who write: "The Target is my favorite", or, "Spacehawk adds variety to your magazine".

Come on, readers, let's get together on this. What do you say, editors?

I suggest you take a vote and see what the majority wants and please them.

I realize the artists are working under pressure and are doing their level best to please everyone, but such an endeavor is impossible.

READERS—Why don't you bear with these men who work their fingers to the bone and their brains to a stupor to serve you?

Really, I think the readers expect too much of you fellows.

Go easy, readers, after all, these writers and artists are only human.

Yours appreciatively,  
Frank Tully  
New York, New York

—(Sometimes we think that "stupor" part is right, Frank. As for a contest, we will get around to that eventually, but right now we'd like to use every bit of space for promoting the sale of War Stamps and Bonds. That's our most important job right now. Don't you agree?)

Dear Editors:

I am a regular reader of TARGET Comics, but I have three criticisms:

- (1) Has the artist of the cover of the June issue ever seen a red bomber?
- (2) On one page in the Target and the Targeteers their car is blue and a couple of pages over it is red and it's the same car.
- (3) How many uniforms has the Cadet got? Each month he has a different color.

Except for your color artist, your comics are swell, and I think a lot of "Ye Editor's Page", because it prints just what the kids say about the magazine.

I've noticed lately that the Yankee kids want to hear from same "real Southern kids", well, here's a "real Southern Kid".

I think most of your characters are swell, but couldn't you leave out Spacehawk and slip in a baseball comic or something?

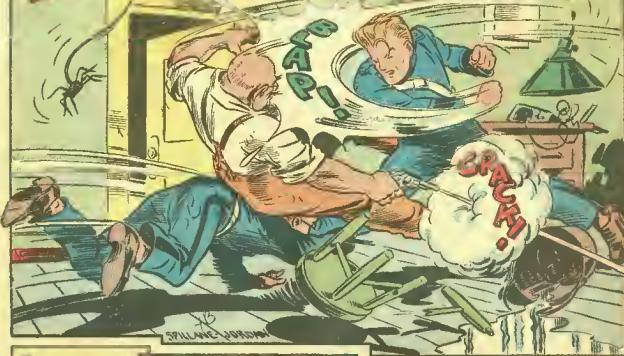
Yours,  
Richard Stalder  
South Jacksonville, Florida

—(Comic artists sometimes have to take poetic license with colors, Richard, hence, the red bomber. Secondly, look again at the car, it's a different one each time, and thirdly, the Cadet has three different colored uniforms.)

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# The CADDET

FEATURING KIT CARTER



SPILLANE JORDAN

**ESPIONAGE!  
IN THE  
SENATE  
BUILDING!**

**...AND THE  
BLACK SPIDER  
WEAVES A  
THREAD  
WHICH LEADS  
KIT AND  
MERRY  
INTO AN  
ADVENTURE OF  
MYSTERY AND  
INTRIGUE!**

GOING TO WASHINGTON  
FOR A FEW DAYS WAS A  
SWELL IDEA, DAN!

GOSH, KIT! I  
HOPE WE SEE  
THE SENATE!

A FEW HOURS LATER ... WASHINGTON!

WELL, HERE  
WE ARE!

AND HOW! LET'S  
JOIN A PARTY AND  
SEE THE SIGHTS!



**QUICKLY THEY JOIN A GUIDED TOUR ...**

YOU ALL KNOW WHO THIS IS!

HE WAS A REAL MAN, DAN!

YOU SAID IT!



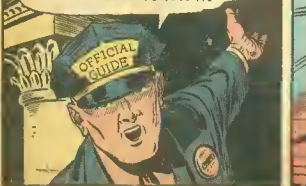
HELP THE RED CROSS, BOYS?

SURE!

SAY! I'LL TAKE A COUPLE!



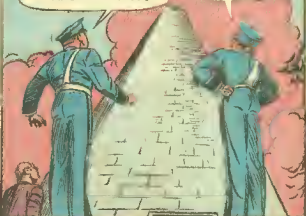
NOW WE'LL SEE THE COMMITTEE ROOMS IN THE SENATE HOUSE. IN A FEW HOURS, MATTERS OF WORLD IMPORTANCE WILL BE DISCUSSED THERE ----- THINGS OUR ENEMIES WOULD LOVE TO KNOW.



**THEN** TO THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT!

THERE'S A POINT TO DEMOCRACY-- AND THAT'S IT!

BOY! --AND HOW!



**HOURS LATER ... THEY VISIT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE!**

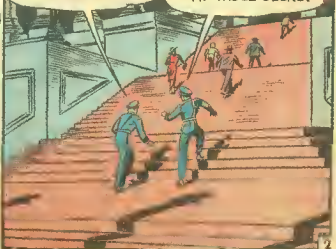
GEE! YOU WOULDN'T THINK THAT PLANE COULD MAKE IT, WOULD YOU?

NOPE! IT'S A FAR CRY FROM OUR PRESENT SHIPS!



SO THIS IS WHERE THE NATION'S HEART BEATS!

YUP! THIS IS IT! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE DESKS.





EAGERLY, THE BOYS GO THROUGH THE ROOMS, INSPECTING THE FAMOUS NAMES CARVED INTO THE DESKS...

HEY! LOOK  
HERE, MERRY!

?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON!  
WOW!

YEP!  
THE SAME MAN  
THAT FOUNDED OUR  
TREASURY SYSTEM!

SO ENGROSSED ARE THE BOYS THAT THEY  
FAIL TO NOTICE THE REST OF THE  
PARTY LEAVE WITHOUT THEM!

--- AND NOW, THIS WAY,  
FOLKS, TO THE SENATE  
CHAMBER! ---

SUDDENLY...

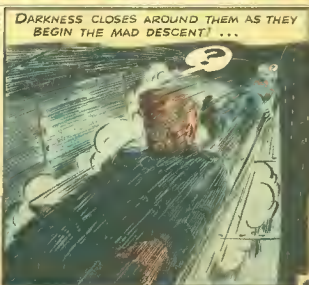
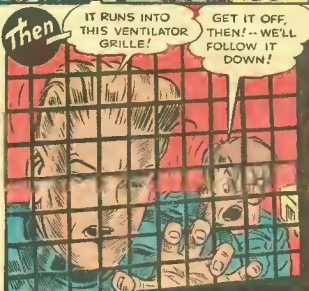
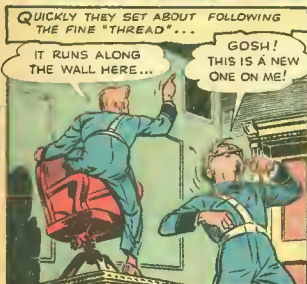
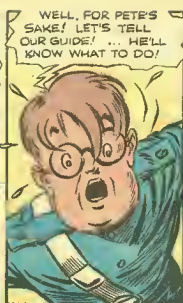
EEEK! OH-H-H!  
A BLOOMIN' BUG!

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?  
AFRAID OF A  
LITTLE SPIDER?

WITH ALL THIS MONEY  
BEING SPENT, IT'S A  
WONDER THEY WOULDN'T  
INVEST IN A CLEANER...

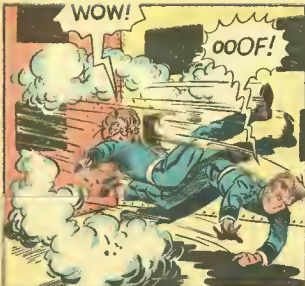
SAY! THAT'S FUNNY!  
THE THING NEVER  
MOVED!

WELL! THIS IS A PHONEY!  
A METAL SPIDER! --AND  
THE "THREAD" IS A THIN  
WIRE! SOMETHING'S  
MIGHTY QUEER HERE!



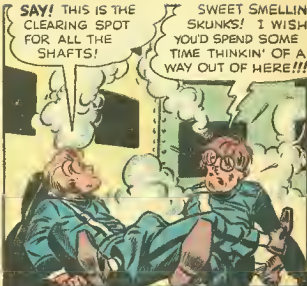
WOW!

OOOF!



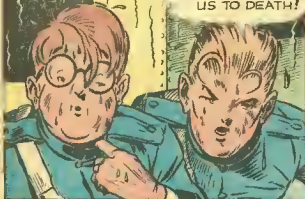
SAY! THIS IS THE  
CLEARING SPOT  
FOR ALL THE  
SHAFTS!

SWEET SMELLIN'  
SKUNKS! I WISH  
YOU'D SPEND SOME  
TIME THINKIN' OF A  
WAY OUT OF HERE!!!



SOMETHING'S WRONG!  
IT'S GETTING HOT  
IN HERE!

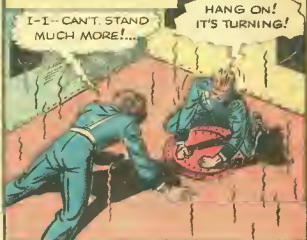
WE'VE BEEN  
DISCOVERED!  
WHOEVER IT IS,  
HAS JUMPED THE  
HEAT UP AND IS  
TRYING TO ROAST  
US TO DEATH!



KIT DISCOVERS A METAL PLATE SET IN  
THE FLOOR! --- DESPERATELY, THEY  
PRY AT IT! .....

I-I-- CAN'T STAND  
MUCH MORE!...

HANG ON!  
IT'S TURNING!



AT LAST ... IT'S OFF!

DOWN YOU  
GO, DAN!

I'LL BE  
RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



BUT ... THE OTHER END OF THE CHUTE  
SPELLS TROUBLE! ...

ZO!





WHEN THE BOYS COME TO ...

ACH! YOU ARE AWAKE! I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO MEDDLERS!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

I HOPE WE CAN!



HA! YOU FAILED TO DISCONNECT THE "SPIDER"! --I WILL HEAR EVERYTHING! --AND YOU WILL DIE!!



AFTER THE SPY LEAVES, KIT ACTS!

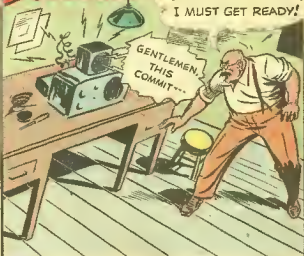
THERE GOES THE FILE! IF I CAN ONLY GET IT IN TIME!

HEY! CUT THE RACKET! HE'LL HEAR YOU!



**SUDDENLY.**

HIMMEL! ...THE SENATE COMMITTEE!! I MUST GET READY!



GENTLEMEN, THIS COMMIT...

I WILL BE RIGHT BACK, AND THAT WILL BE YOUR END!

OH, GEE! OH, GOSH!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!



KIT EDGES TOWARD THE FILE ...

AND GETS IT!

... ALMOST!



...A MOMENT LATER! FREE!

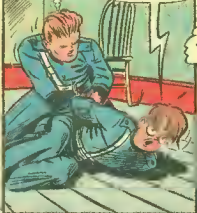
THAT DID IT!

C'MON! GET ME LOOSE!



AS SOON AS HE COMES IN, WE'LL JUMP HIM!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP!



JUST THEN...

JUMPIN' BLUE BLAZES!

OH, YEAH!



SO YOU ARE LOOSE! THEN I WILL KILL YOU NOW!

...AT HIM, DAN!

PFFT!

OOF!



HEY! I WANT SOME OF THIS FUN!

ACH DU LIEBER!

ATTA BOY, KEEED!



AS THE SPY GAINS HIS FEET, MERRY SLIPS BEHIND!

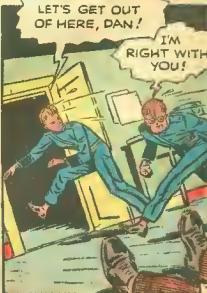


OVER YOU GO, MISTER "APPLE-STROODLE!"

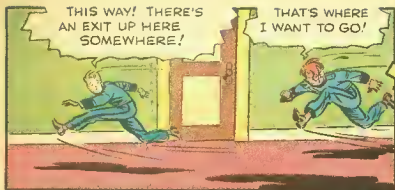


LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, DAN!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

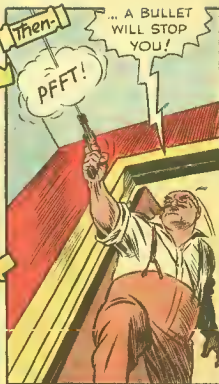




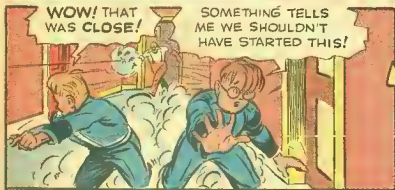


THIS WAY! THERE'S AN EXIT UP HERE SOMEWHERE!

THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO GO!



... A BULLET WILL STOP YOU!



WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

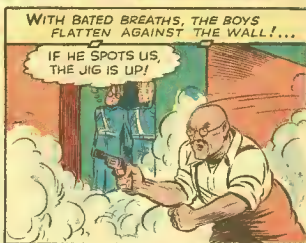
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED THIS!



KIT STOPS SHORT!

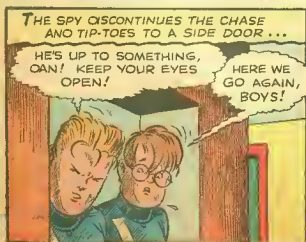
WHAT TH...?

IN HERE, QUICK!



WITH BATED BREATHS, THE BOYS FLATTEN AGAINST THE WALL!...

IF HE SPOTS US, THE JIG IS UP!



THE SPY DISCONTINUES THE CHASE AND TIP-TOES TO A SIDE DOOR...

HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, OAN! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

HERE WE GO AGAIN, BOYS!



LOOK! HE'S GIVING AN ALL CLEAR SIGNAL TO THAT STREET CLEANER OUT THERE!

WHAT? ...ANOTHER ONE!

CLOSING THE DOOR, THE  
SPY RACES BACK TO HIS  
"OFFICE"!

I'M GOING AFTER  
HIM, DAN! YOU  
GET HELP! QUICK!

OKE!

THAT' GUYS TAKING  
DOWN EVERYTHING THAT  
COMES THROUGH THE  
LOUD-SPEAKER! HMM!  
-- THAT PAIL GIVES  
ME AN  
IDEA!

... AND THE PLAN  
FOR DE-  
FENSE WILL BE

WELL, HERE ...

... GOES!

BLASH

ENRAGED, THE SPY CHARGES!

SO! THIS TIME  
YOU WILL NOT GET  
AWAY!

WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT!

THERE!  
YOU DOG!

SPLAT!

GRABBING HIS NOTES, THE SPY DASHES  
THROUGH THE DOOR-WAY... ONLY TO STOP  
SHORT! ...

ACH! SENATE  
PAGE BOYS ... AND  
THE OTHER ONE!

THERE HE  
IS, FELLOWS!

GET  
'IM!



GIVE 'IM THE WORKS!

I WANT A SOCK  
AT HIM!

HEY! GIVE A MAN  
A CHANCE!

SPLAT

HERE HE IS!  
NOW WHAT?

TIE HIM UP!

STAY WITH  
THAT GUY!

OKAY!

YEAH!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET  
THAT STREET  
CLEANER!

QUICKLY. THEY DASH TO THE SIDE EXIT...

WE'LL SPREAD OUT  
WHEN WE GET TO  
THE STREET!

I'M GOING  
THIS WAY!

WATCH OUT!  
HE MAY BE WISE!

SUPERINTENDANT  
WATER 1110 1111

A SHORT WHILE LATER!...

HERE HE  
IS, FELLOWS!

TAKE 'EM, BOYS!

YEA!  
MAN!

WHA-  
TH--?

THE BOYS ARE BUSY OVERCOMING THE SPY,  
WHEN A BLACK SEDAN SCREECHES TO A HALT!

OFF HIM, BRATS! --HOP  
IN THE CAR, KARL!

GEE! LOOK!

HE'S  
GOT A GUN!



BUT... UNSEEN BEHIND THE CAR...

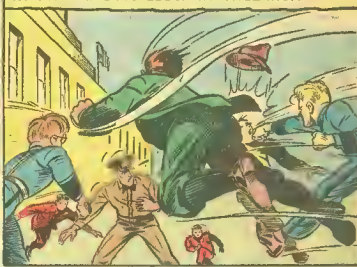
HURRY  
UP!



LIKE A FLASH, THE KID JUMPS!



... AND THE BOYS CLOSE IN ONCE MORE ...



WHAT A  
ROUND UP  
THIS IS!

THE BOYS AT  
DAUNTON OUGHT  
TO SEE US NOW!



THE SPIES ARE OVERCOME IN SHORT ORDER!

THROW THEM IN  
THAT GARBAGE WAGON  
WHERE THEY BELONG!

IT'LL BE A  
PLEASURE!





I'LL DUMP OUT THIS TRASH!

THAT'S RIGHT! MAKE ROOM FOR THIS TRASH!

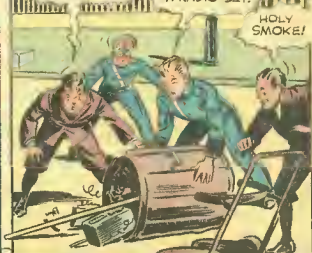
BOY!  
THIS IS FUN!



HEY! LOOK!

GREAT SCOTT!  
"A RADIO SET!"

HOLY SMOKE!



I GOT IT! THE SPY  
INSIDE WOULD GIVE  
HIS NOTES TO THIS  
GUY, AND HE'D RELAY  
IT TO HEADQUARTERS.  
FROM THERE IT WOULD  
GO TO THE NAZIS!  
WHEN THE CLEANER SAW  
US, HE SENT AN S.O.S.  
AND THIS CAR CAME!

WE'LL DUMP THEM IN THE  
SENATE'S LAP!

RIGHT!



THEY ARE GREETED BY A FEW  
INDIGNANT SENATORS AT THE  
STEPS OF THE CAPITOL...

WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE?

SPIES!

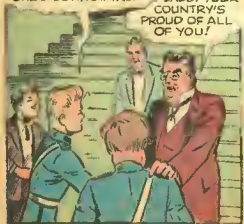
YEAH!  
MILLIONS  
OF 'EM!



QUICKLY, KIT EXPLAINS ALL...

...AND THE OTHER  
ONE'S DOWNSTAIRS!

FINE WORK,  
LADS! YOUR  
COUNTRY'S  
PROUD OF ALL  
OF YOU!



SO LONG,  
FELLOWS!

A SWELL  
BUNCH!

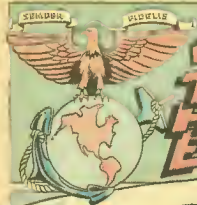


COME BACK AGAIN  
AND BRING SOME  
MORE SPIES!

ORDER!  
ORDER!  
ORDER!



THAT'S RIGHT!  
AND THE  
ORDER OF  
THE DAY  
IS  
ACTION!  
WITH  
KIT AND MERRY  
AGAIN IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE!



# THE TARGET

and the

BUY  
U.S.  
VICTORY  
BONDS

BUY  
UNITED  
STATES  
VICTORY  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

## The U.S. Press

PRICE THREE CENTS

VOL. 3 No. 7

September 25, 1942

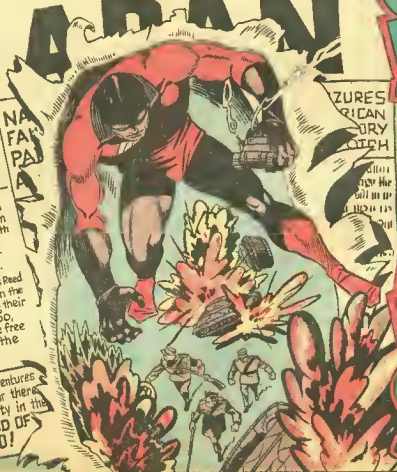
# U.S. INVADES JAPAN

## MARINES LAND ON NIPPON

The Marines have landed and are headed for Victory! Tom and Dave, The Targeteer, is with them... fighting as only a U.S. Marine can fight for liberty and democracy.

Tom's buddies, Miles Reed and Dave Foster are in the Army and Navy doing their share of fighting, too, for "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Follow the adventures of TOM BROWN, for there are thrills aplenty in the SINISTER LAND OF THE MIKADO!



ZURES  
RICAN  
ORY  
CCH

# TARGETEERS

by  
S. B.  
MORROW

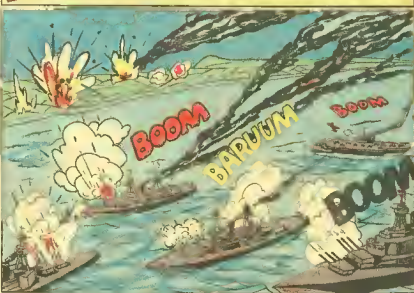


**TWO MILES OFF THE SHORES OF JAPAN, ON A U.S. BATTLESHIP...**

ALL RIGHT! NOW, RADIO ALL SHIPS TO SET UP A CONSTANT BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE TO PROTECT OUR LANDING FORCES!



**IMMEDIATELY, THE GUNS OF THE U.S. SHIPS BEGIN TO ROAR!...**



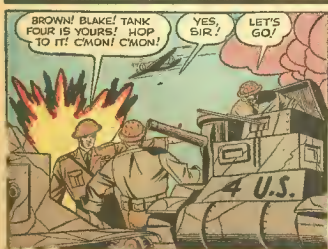
**SHIPS AND PLANES, BOMBS AND TANKS, GUNS AND MEN ARE THROWN INTO COMBAT! ABOVE THE ROAR OF BATTLE CAN BE HEARD THE SHOUTS OF OUR MEN: "ONWARD! REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR! ONWARD! VICTORY FOR AMERICA!"**



BROWN! BLAKE! TANK FOUR IS YOURS! HOP TO IT! C'MON! C'MON!

YES, SIR!

LET'S GO!



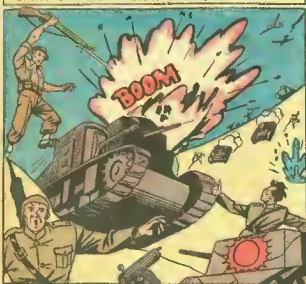
**INSIDE THE ROARING, ROCKING TANK!...**

BOY! THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

RIGHT, TOM! LOOKIT THOSE RATTY RUNTS RUN!

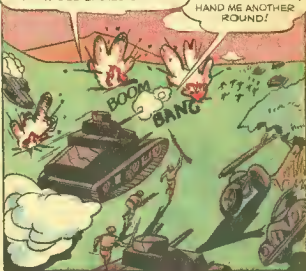


THE ENEMY FIGHTS STUBBORNLY, BUT POWERFUL UNITED STATES UNITS DRIVE THEM BACK!



THEY'RE RETREATING, TOM!  
IT'S A ROUT! WOW! LOOK  
AT THOSE BABIES SCRAM!

YEH! YAHOO! HEY!  
BLAKE, I'M RUNNING  
LOW ON AMMUNITION!  
HAND ME ANOTHER  
ROUND!



HERE T---  
WHAT TH---?  
A DAME!

H-H-H--  
HELLO--  
I'M SCARED!

A  
WHAT?



A DAME!  
A DAME!  
A DAME!  
A GIRL!

I BETTER  
PULL OVER  
AND PARK!

OH! THIS  
SHOOTING  
IS  
TERRIBLE!



NEAR THE PROTECTIVE COVERING  
OF A HUGE TREE...

WHAT'D YA  
EXPECT  
TO SEE? -- A  
GIANT-DODGER  
I'M MARION  
DOUBLE-HEADER?

NOW DON'T  
GET FUNNY,  
SOLDIER BOY!  
I'M MARION  
BENNET, OF THE  
SAN FRANCISCO  
HERALD!

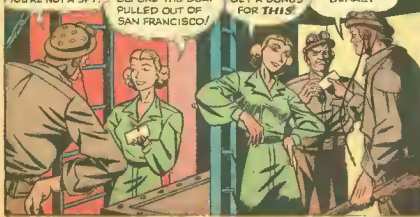


OH, YEAH? TELL  
IT TO THE MARINES!  
HOW DO WE KNOW  
YOU'RE NOT A SPY?

HERE'S MY PRESS  
CARD. I STONED  
AWAY IN HERE  
BEFORE THE BOAT  
PULLED OUT OF  
SAN FRANCISCO!

AND WHAT A  
SCOOP I HAVE  
NOW! I'LL  
GET A BONUS  
FOR THIS!

IF YOU GET  
OUT ALIVE!  
SHE'S RIGHT,  
BLAKE!



OUTSIDE, A GROUP OF JAPS  
HAVE CAUGHT SIGHT OF  
THE HALTED TANK.

SH-H-- ATTACK  
BY SURPRISE! USE  
GRENADES WHEN  
YOU GET CLOSER!





HEY, TOM! JAPS!  
THEY'RE COMIN'  
TOWARD US!

QUICK! LOAD  
THE GUNS!  
WE'LL STOP  
'EM!

OH!  
I'M  
SCARED!



THE TANK SPURTS FORWARD, ITS GUNS BLAZING! . . .



**A** AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF  
THE COMMANDING OFFICER...

RADIO THE TANKS TO  
HALT AND CONSOLIDATE  
THEIR GAINS WHILE  
REINFORCEMENTS ARE  
BROUGHT UP FROM  
THE REAR!

YES, SIR!  
WE SURE  
HAVE THE  
ENEMY ON  
THE RUN,  
HAVEN'T WE?



**B** BACK WITH TOM BROWN AND  
FRED BLAKE . . .

NOW MISS BENNET,  
YOU AND I WILL PAY  
A VISIT TO THE  
COLONEL!

NOW, LOOK,  
FELLAS!  
YOU DON'T  
WANT T'GET  
ME IN TROUBLE,  
DO YOU?

WE WANNA  
KEEP YOU  
OUT OF IT!



**A** AT THE COLONEL'S  
HEADQUARTERS...

--AND YOU FOUND  
HER IN THE TANK?  
MOST IRREGULAR!  
MOST IRREGULAR!

WHAT'LL WE  
DO WITH  
HER, SIR?



PLACE HER UNDER  
GUARD, WHERE SHE'LL  
BE SAFE! WE CAN'T  
LET HER WANDER  
AROUND!

OH, NO, YOU  
DON'T! YOU--  
YOU! I CAME  
FOR A "SCOOP" AND I'M GOING  
TO GET IT!



BROWN! GO AFTER  
HER! IT'S GETTING  
DARK AND SHE MIGHT  
GET LOST!

YES,  
SIR!



**D** DARKNESS BEGINS TO SET IN AS  
TOM CONTINUES HIS SEARCH...

MISS BENNET!  
MISS BENNET?  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?

DARN THAT GAL!  
WHY DIDN'T SHE  
STAY AT HOME AND  
KNIT FOR US!





GOSH! --IT'S  
PITCH DARK!  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHERE I'M GOIN'!



NO  
KILL!  
NO KILL!

WHAT?  
HEY!  
OW!

GRAB HIM!  
HOLD HIM!



YOU MANGY MITES  
DON'T FIGHT  
FAIR!

BUT YOU  
SNAKES WOULDN'T  
KNOW ANYTHING  
ABOUT **THAT**,  
WOULD YOU?



DOWN, BUT  
NOT OUT!

YOU SURRENDER PEACE-  
LIKE OR GET BAYONET  
THROUGH SELF!

オホ!

OKAY, "NIPPIE,"  
OKAY!



GET  
IN!

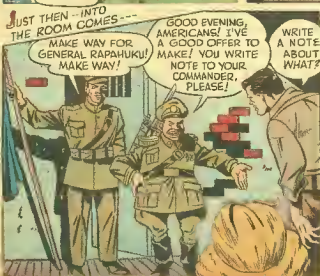
QUIT SHOVIN',  
--YOU!

HELLO,  
BIG BOY!



NOW, LISTEN MISS  
BENNET! DON'T GET  
FUNNY! ON ACCOUNT  
OF YOU WE'RE IN A  
HECK OF A MESS

OH, I'M  
SORRY!  
WE ARE IN  
A TOUGH  
SPOT, AREN'T  
WE?



JUST THEN --INTO  
THE ROOM COMES---

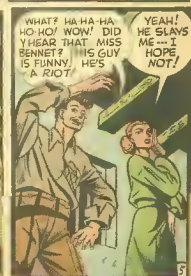
MAKE WAY FOR  
GENERAL RAPAHUKU!  
MAKE WAY!

GOOD EVENING,  
AMERICANS! I'VE  
A GOOD OFFER TO  
MAKE! YOU WRITE  
NOTE TO YOUR  
COMMANDER,  
PLEASE!

WRITE  
A NOTE  
ABOUT  
WHAT?



WRITE NOTE TO  
SAY HE MUST  
SURRENDER,  
OR WE KILL YOU  
AND GIRL!



WHAT? HA-HA-HA  
HO-HO! WOW! DID  
Y'HEAR THAT MISS  
BENNET? HIS GUY  
IS FUNNY! HE'S  
A RIOT!

YEAH!  
HE SLAYS  
ME -- I  
HOPE  
NOT!



LOOK! YOU SLAP-HAPPY JAP! WE TWO ARE AMERICANS! WHETHER WE LIVE OR DIE DOESN'T MATTER! OUR BOYS WILL FIGHT ON TILL YOU RUNTS ARE PUT WHERE YOU BELONG!



TSK-TSK, THAT TOO BAD! GRAB GIRL! WHEN YOU CAN'T STAND CRIES FROM TORTURED LADY-MAYBE YOU WRITE THEN-YES!

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THAT GUN I'D WIPE TOKYO UP WITH YOU YOU NO GOOD RAT!

STRING HER UP GOOD!

LET ME DOWN! LET ME DOWN!

LET ME GO YOU BARBARIAN!



AS MARION BENNETT'S CRIES OF PAIN BEGIN TO FILL THE WARM, NIGHT AIR . . .

I'VE STOOD THIS LONG ENOUGH! IT'S TIME FOR THE TARGETEER TO GO INTO ACTION!

HELP! OH! HELP!



HEY, GUARD! I'LL WRITE THE NOTE! TELL 'EM I'LL WRITE IT!

GOOD! OPEN DOOR!

THE DOOR IS OPENED!

YAI-H-H AGH!



NOW TO GET TO THAT FEMALE NEWSHOUND!



BUT THE TARGETEER IS SIGHTED! ----- JAPANESE GUARDS FIRE AT HIM!



OM SAILS INTO THEM! HIS FISTS LASH OUT LIKE WHIPS!

OOF!

YOU GUYS SHOULD READ THE COMICS AND FIND OUT ABOUT ME!



AH-H-I-- RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HE'S A DEVIL!

天臣甲 !!

FLEE! FLEE!



**TOM SEES MARION BENNET, HANGING BY HER WRISTS, IN THE DISTANCE!**

GOOD LORD! SO THAT'S SOME OF THE WORK OF THE 'NEW ORDER' IN ASIA!

WH - WH  
WHAT'S THAT?



BOY OH BOY OH BOY!  
WAIT'LL I GET HOLD  
O YOU MUGS!

SHOOT HIM!  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
YOUR BULLETS?

BANG BANG  
BANG BANG

I SHOOT!  
BUT HE STILL  
COMES!



IF YOU GUYS WON'T  
CUT HER DOWN,  
I WILL!

AGH-R-R!



AI-I - IT BENDED  
-MY BAYONET!

OUTTA MY  
WAY, YOU  
NIPPONESE  
NAZI!



FLEE, GENERAL!  
HE IS A  
MADMAN!

YES!  
QUICK!



**THE**  
JAPS  
HAVING  
FLED  
IN  
TERROR,  
TOM  
CUTS  
THE  
GIRL  
DOWN  
FROM  
THE  
TREE!

POOR KID!  
SHE'S  
UNCONSCIOUS!



NOW, TO GET MY  
MARINE UNIFORM  
ON AGAIN!



**ON THE WAY BACK FOR HIS UNIFORM!**

RUN! RUN!  
HERE HE  
COMES!

OUT OF  
MY WAY!





ONCE AGAIN A MARINE...

NOW TO GET BACK  
TO MY BASE!



THIS TRUCK'LL  
DO! HOPE I  
DON'T RUN INTO  
TROUBLE NOW



BACK TO HIS LINES SPEEDS TOM...

SO FAR, SO GOOD!  
AND I STILL SAY A  
WOMAN'S PLACE  
IS NOT ON A  
BATTLEFIELD



TOM MAKES HIS REPORT...

YES SIR, WHEN THEY  
WEREN'T LOOKING  
I RESCUED THE GIRL!  
THEIR CAMP IS FIVE  
MILES NORTH!

GOOD WORK BROWN!  
WE WON'T WAIT FOR  
DAWN! WE'LL  
ATTACK NOW!



ONCE AGAIN, THE MARINES  
GO INTO ACTION



HOURS LATER, DAWN COMES...

COLONEL, I'M HAPPY  
TO ANNOUNCE THAT  
THE SIXTEENTH  
JAPANESE ARMY HAS  
BEEN WIPE OUT  
COMPLETELY!

GOOD! RADIO  
WASHINGTON, "THE  
MARINES HAVE  
LANDED AND HAVE  
THE SITUATION  
WELL IN HAND!"



THAT MORNING, AT THE  
FIELD HOSPITAL...

YOU MISSED A GOOD  
STORY, MISS  
BENNET!

I WOULD FALL  
UNCONSCIOUS  
WHEN THERE'S  
ACTION -- AND,  
PLEASE...CALL  
ME MARION!



OKAY, MARION! HURRY  
AND GET WELL. WE  
HAVE A DATE TO SEE  
THE WORLD'S SERIES!

WHY, MR.  
BROWN! ---  
I THOUGHT  
YOU DIDN'T  
LIKE ME!



NEXT MONTH... THE TARGET  
TEAMS UP WITH GENERAL  
MACARTHUR! THERE'S ACTION IN...

TARGET  
COMICS!

# SPECK SPOT and SIS..

**S**PECK HAS ORGANIZED HIS GANG INTO A JUNIOR VICTORY UNIT. DAD AND UNCLE EDDIE FURNISHED THEM WITH TIN HATS, UNIFORMS, AIR GUNS, BAYONETS, ETC. THEY HAVE MADE THEIR BALL FIELD INTO A HEADQUARTERS AND THEY CALL IT **FORT VICTORY**.

**T**HE DAY'S PROGRAM CALLS FOR THE VICTORY BOYS TO GATHER SCRAP IRON, PAPER, ETC., WHICH THEY SELL... WITH THE MONEY RECEIVED THEY PURCHASE DEFENSE STAMPS. THEY RUN ERRANDS FOR THE RED CROSS AND OTHER CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS...

**BUT... WHAT'S THIS?**

DIDJA HEAR THAT?

NOW, LISTEN, YOU! YOU GIT IN THERE AN' JOIN THAT BUNCH OF SISSIES! THEY'VE GOTTA LOT OF SCRAP IRON. I WANT YOU TO GRAB SOME AN' SELL IT! BRING ME TH' MONEY!

I AIN'T GONNA STEAL FOR HIM OR NOBODY ELSE! ... **HUH?**

HI, DANNIE! --YEH! I HEARD HIM TELL YOU TO JOIN US ... WELL, WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT!

I WANT TO JOIN YOUR GANG! BUT NOT LIKE HE SAYS! ... BUT, IF I DON'T, HE'LL BEAT ME! HE'S MY GUARDIAN!

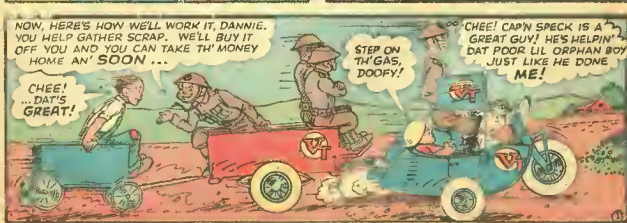
TO JOIN THE **V.I.O.T.**, ONE MUST BUY FIVE 10¢ DEFENSE STAMPS WITH MONEY WHICH HE'S EARNED, HIMSELF. ---I'VE A PLAN HOW YOU CAN EARN THE MONEY! ... WE'LL STEEP YOUR GUARDIAN SO BUSY THAT HE WON'T HAVE TIME TO BEAT YOU AGAIN--EVER!

NOW, HERE'S HOW WE'LL WORK IT, DANNIE. YOU HELP GATHER SCRAP. WE'LL BUY IT OFF YOU AND YOU CAN TAKE TH' MONEY HOME AN' SOON ...

STEP ON TH' GAS, DOOFY!

CHEE! CAP'N SPECK IS A GREAT GUY! HE'S HELPIN' DAT POOR LIL ORPHAN BOY JUST LIKE HE DONE ME!

CHEE! ... DAT'S GREAT!



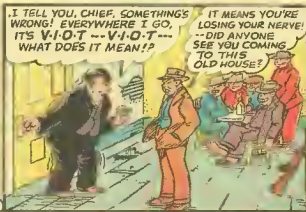
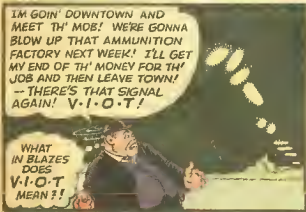
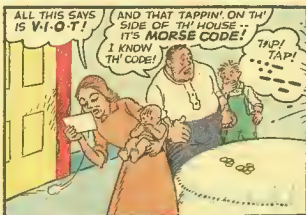
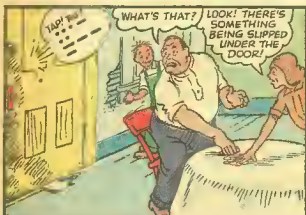
YOU ARE ONE OF THE V-I-O-T BOYS NOW. REMEMBER THE PASSWORD AND SECRET GRIP! --AND REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! STAY IN AT NIGHT! GO NOW--

COME IN NOW, YOU LITTLE PUNK!

O.K., CAP'N! EVERYTHING IS READY! --WIRE FLASHLIGHT AND HAMMER!

WELL! DID YOU STEAL ENOUGH OLD IRON OFF'N THEM KIDS TO PAY FOR YOUR SUPPER?

I DON'T TRUST THAT KID! HE AIN'T ONE OF TH' MOB!





SPECK AND BOB HAVE TAILED THE BRUTAL GUARDIAN TO THE OLD ABANDONED HOUSE AND FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE WATCH AND WAIT!

SPECK, THAT LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK AT TH' CROSS ROADS TO ME ... DO YOU THINK HE'S...

A SPY AND SABOTEUR...? YES, I DO ... AND, IF WE CAN PROVE IT, OUR ORPHAN FRIEND WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLES!

AH-HAH! LOOK, THERE THEY COME OUT, NOW! SEVEN ORIENTALS ... AND DANNIE'S GUARDIAN! LET'S FOLLOW THEM ... LOOK! THAT LEADER IS CARRYING A TOMMY GUN!

OH-OH!

NOW, PLEASE, YOU GO SPY OUT WHERE WE SHALL PLANT THE DYNAMITE ... WE'LL BLOW UP THE FACTORY NEXT WEEK! IF THEY SEE YOU, THEY WON'T SUSPECT YOU, AN AMERICAN!

"AMERICAN"? NERTZ!

SPECK AND BOB SPY ON THE SPIES

COME ON, LIEUTENANT! LET'S GET BACK HOME AND REPORT THIS TO DAD AND UNCLE EDDIE! THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO

DAD! MA! UNCLE EDDIE! WHATTA YOU THINK!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, AT THIS HOUR?

BAM!

SPECK! WHAT IS THE MATTER?

EVEN'S SAKET!

SALUTE! I TELL YOU, SALUTE!

IRK-IRK!

SPECK AND HIS PAL BOB TELL WHAT THEY'VE FOUND OUT ... AND HOW THEY'VE BEEN HAZING DANNIE'S GUARDIAN WITH V.I.O.T!

NEXT DAY, AS THE VICTORY BOYS GO BACK TO WORK!

THOSE BOYS ARE DOING A GOOD JOB!

YES - AND NOW IT'S UP TO US TO SET THE AUTHORITIES ON THAT ORPHAN BOY'S GUARDIAN!

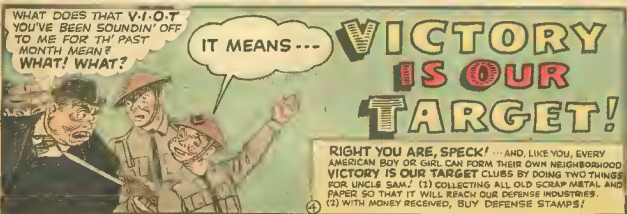
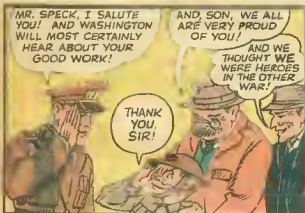
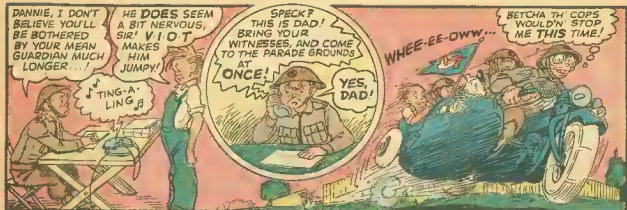
DANNIE, NOW A V.I.O.T. GIVES THE PASSWORD...

ADVANCE... GIVE COUNTERSIGN!

PSS-SST!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU MAY PASS!

I'VE GOTTA ACT TOUGH ... 'CAUSE I'M A V.I.O.T. - AND WE'RE TOUGH!



By  
J. Fenimore  
COOPER

# THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

Retold in  
Pictures by  
HAROLD DELAY



**SYNOPSIS:** THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF COLONEL MONROE AND A PSALM SINGER, DAVID GAMUT, ARE CAPTIVES OF THE HURONS. COLONEL MONROE, MAJOR DUNCAN HEYWARD, HAWK EYE - THE SCOUT - AND TWO MOHICANS, FATHER AND SON, ARE ON THEIR TRAIL. DUNCAN DISCOVERS GAMUT IN THE FOREST, DRESSED AS AN INDIAN. DUNCAN, DISGUISED AS AN INDIAN, ACCOMPANIES DAVID TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE WHERE DAVID IS THOUGHT SACRED. HE IS RECEIVED PEACEABLY. UNCAS, THE YOUNG MOHICAN, IS BROUGHT IN A PRISONER, AND IS LED INTO THE COUNCIL LODGE TO BE JUDGED BY THE CHIEFS OF THE TRIBE.

PART  
VIII

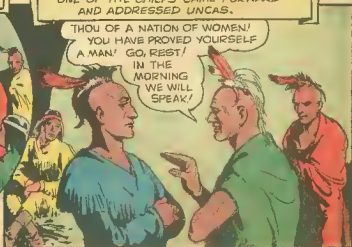
WITH DIGNITY, UNCAS STANDS IN  
FRONT OF THOSE FIERCE FORMS...

OUR WISE ONES  
WILL DECIDE  
YOUR FATE!

I AM  
READY  
FOR  
ANYTHING!

ONE OF THE CHIEFS CAME FORWARD  
AND ADDRESSED UNCAS.

THOU OF A NATION OF WOMEN!  
YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF  
A MAN! GO, REST!  
IN THE  
MORNING  
WE WILL  
SPEAK!





A PRISONER OF THEIR OWN TRIBE WAS BROUGHT IN AND FOUND GUILTY OF COWARDICE... THE KNIFE WAS DRAWN!

YOU SHOULD BE GLAD TO DIE! YOUR NAME IS ALREADY FORGOTTEN!

THE KNIFE ENTERED HIS HEART... HE FELL HEAVILY ON HIS FACE!... AN OLO SQUAW DASHED THE TORCH TO THE GROUND... ALL WAS DARKNESS

THE CHIEFS GLIDED FROM THE LOOGE LIKE TROUBLE SPIRITS...

AS DUNCAN WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE, A SHADOWY FIGURE GLIDED UP BESIDE HIM --- UNCAS!

COLONEL MONROE AND MY FATHER ARE SAFE... HAWK-EYE IS NOT ASLEEP... GO!

DUNCAN WANDERED AMONG THE LOOGES LOOKING FOR SOME TRACE OF THE GIRLS...

IF I ONLY HAD SOME IDEA WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR PRISONERS!

DUNCAN RETURNED TO THE COUNCIL LODGE -- TO FIND THE CHIEFS RE-ASSEMBLED... UNCAS WAS STANDING ALONE.

I WONDER WHY HE DIDN'T ESCAPE WHEN HE HAD THE CHANCE?



A SINISTER FIGURE ENTERED THE LODGE!

MAGUA! -- OUR WORST ENEMY!

MAGUA RECOGNIZED UNCAS AT ONCE!

AT LAST, MOHICAN I HAVE YOU!



THIS MOHICAN HAS THE SCALPS OF MANY OF OUR TRIBE! HE MUST DIE!



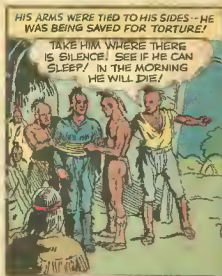
ONE OF THE CHIEFS LEAPED TO HIS FEET WITH RAISED TOMAHAWK.

STAY! NOT SO FAST!



A VERY POOR THROW!

UNCAS' FEATHER WAS CUT IN TWO!



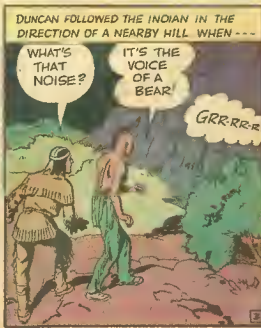
HIS ARMS WERE TIED TO HIS SIDES -- HE WAS BEING SAVED FOR TORTURE!

TAKE HIM WHERE THERE IS SILENCE! SEE IF HE CAN SLEEP! IN THE MORNING HE WILL DIE!



YOU STRANGER, CURE THE SICK! STRANGERS GOOD LUCK! SQUAW VERY SICK!

I'LL GO WITH YOU! IF I CAN CURE, I WILL!



DUNCAN FOLLOWED THE INDIAN IN THE DIRECTION OF A NEARBY HILL WHEN --

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

IT'S THE VOICE OF A BEAR!

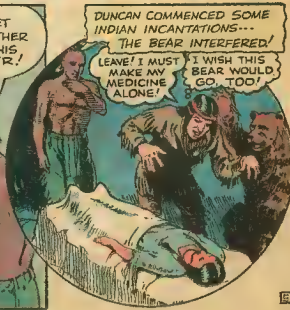
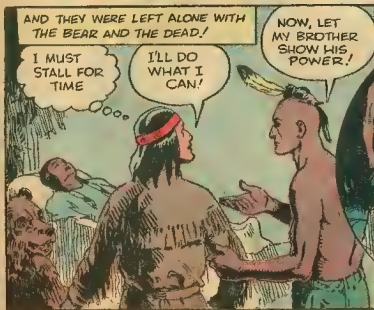
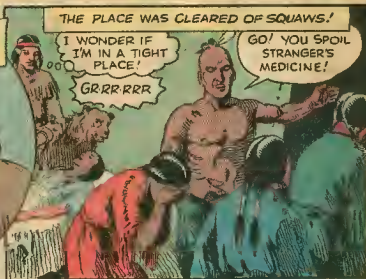
GRRRRR!

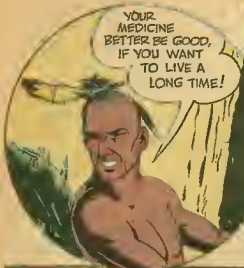


THEY CAME TO A CAVE WHERE THE  
SICK WOMAN LAY, SURROUNDED BY  
SQUAWS --AND WITH THEM WAS  
DAVID GARUT!









YOUR  
MEDICINE  
BETTER BE GOOD,  
IF YOU WANT  
TO LIVE A  
LONG TIME!



THE BEAR CAME TOWARD  
DUNCAN! HE WAS HELPLESS!

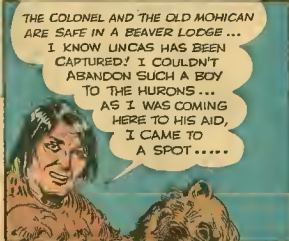
GR-RRR-RR!



SUDDENLY THE BEAR PUT ITS PAWS TO  
ITS HEAD !... THE HEAD CAME OFF!  
...REVEALING THE SCOUT, HAWKEYE!

WHAT'S THE  
MEANING OF  
THIS MASQUERADE?

HIST! THEY  
MAY BE  
LISTENING!



THE COLONEL AND THE OLD MOHICAN  
ARE SAFE IN A BEAVER LODGE ...

I KNOW UNCAS HAS BEEN  
CAPTURED! I COULDN'T  
ABANDON SUCH A BOY  
TO THE HURONS ...  
AS I WAS COMING  
HERE TO HIS AID,  
I CAME TO  
A SPOT .....



" ... WHERE A HURON  
MEDICINE-MAN WAS  
GETTING INTO HIS  
WORKING CLOTHES ...



"...A TAP ON  
HIS HEAD--AND  
HIS FINERY  
WAS MINE!"...



"...I STRUNG HIM  
UP BETWEEN  
TWO SAPLINGS,  
AND TOOK ON  
THE BEAR  
PART  
MYSELF!"...

**WHAT HAPPENS NOW??**  
WHAT IS HAWKEYE'S WEIRD PLAN?  
THIS THRILLING STORY  
WILL BE CONTINUED IN  
THE NEXT **TARGET!**





# Death in the Sea

BY SPILLANE

**W**ATER FOAMED behind the steel encased glass eye that jutted out above the waves. The periscope turned slightly on its metal neck and stopped, for sliding into the cross-hairs of the sights below deck was the low shape of a heavily laden oil tanker. Commander Von Helsner slapped his thigh and muttered a guttural order to the young officer at his side.

Bells rang sharply, men jumped to firing stations. The short, squat commander stood with his eye glued to the eyepiece. His hand came up—then down! "Fire!" A stream of bubbles shot from the nose of the sub, the long line heading directly for the steamer. Above, at the last moment, the tanker lookout spotted it, yelled—but before the ship's course could be altered, death struck!

A savage burst of flames blasted from the middle of the tanker. Then—the whole vessel went up in a mass of smoke, debris, and fire, as the oil bunkers let go. In a matter of ten seconds, men died, killed without warning. Below, safely watching the awful scene, the U-boat commander chuckled evilly. He turned to the young officer. "The hunting is good, no?"

Hans Frier grinned his acknowledgment and nodded. "Ja! This trip has been a good one, all right. Seventeen ships, all told. Soon the waters will be empty!" Von Helsner went back to his periscope, scanned the sea, and gave the order to surface. Compressed air hissed into the tanks, blowing out the water. The blunt prow broke the surface, then the hull of the sub followed. While the decks were still awash, men scrambled from the con-

ning tower and leaned over the rail.

"Not a man in sight!" someone murmured. The sea was littered with driftwood, spars, and the remains of lifeboats. A life ring bobbed on the wave crests. Von Helsner pointed to it.

"Get it. See what ship it was." A boathook shot out and snared the ring.

"The Walker Lee, sir."

"Ah, good. I think that the Americans will stop trying to slip across these lone tankers now!" Suddenly a startled shout broke from the lips of a sailor.

"SCOUT PLANE! In the sun!" Frightened eyes looked up into the red ball of fire. It was a plane all right, by the looks of it, probably a giant Sunderland. There was a mad scramble to the conning tower. Men shot down the ladder, then the hatch slammed shut. Almost before the last man left the deck, the sub went into a crash dive. Quickly it sank into the cold ocean, but it was a moment too late. The Sunderland wheeled on a wingtip and headed for the dark blob under the surface.

Below, the men waited in breathless anxiety for the rending crash of depth bombs. They had no way of knowing whether or not the plane had seen them, and the suspense was nerve-racking. Above, two sleek bombs left the underside of the plane. Into the water with hardly a ripple, they sank many feet, then burst in a blast of flame.

For a moment the lights in the sub quivered, but remained on. "Deeper!" Von Helsner shouted, "Dive to the bottom!" Another crash shook the sub. This time

the lights went out. Immediately the auxiliary lamps came on. Men were quiet, waiting for the first sign of water seeping in through the shaken seams of the steel plates.

The sub hit bottom. It bounced once, then settled along the sandy floor. The motors cut off. Long minutes passed before a word was spoken. The commander smiled. "The fools have lost us. Now let us proceed. It is time to open the sealed orders from the high command. He produced an oilcloth packet and removed the contents. Carefully reading every line, he rang for "stations". Men hopped to their posts.

"This," he said, "is our greatest mission of the war. We go North to Greenland to intercept American troopships. Ah! I take much pleasure in this job!" At once, the motors throbbed, and the sub got under way. Alternately running on the surface and under the waves, she made good time.

Noon of the third day, a tramp steamer hove into view. It was a sloppy looking ship, not capable of carrying any heavy guns. "Hardly worth a torpedo! . . . Stand by to open fire with the deck guns!" Quickly, men jumped to their posts. The breech of the gun opened, a shell went in, and the gun fired! Direct hit, the first shot! The sailors threw their caps in the air with joy. Another shell fired, then another. A gun from the ship answered, but fell far short of the mark. One final shot blasted toward the tramp. It hit the superstructure and blew it clear of the ship!

Slowly, like a dying whale, the steamer turned over. Men scrambled over the hull like ants.

Then it went down, stern first. The sub made no attempt to rescue anyone, but deliberately avoided the frantic shouts of those that had cleared the sinking ship, and again headed Northward. These hardened veterans of undersea warfare cared little for human lives . . . as long as they weren't their own!

IT WAS EARLY morning of the sixth day that Von Helsner sighted another tramp, as shoddy as the other one they had sent down. Its paint was old and peeling, while the cabins seemed to be greatly in need of repair. Helsner eyed it for a moment, then spoke to his junior officer. "It is another one of those Yankee ships. Riding high, too. She must have emptied her cargo. Well, she'll never ship another one!"

Again the command was given to the gunners, and while the rest of the crew stood about on the deck to watch the slaughter, the gun was loaded. But the sub had been seen. The ship began to weave back and forth. "Fools," Helsner muttered, "They think that we'll waste a torpedo on their smelly old tub. Fire away!" A shell sped from the muzzle, and splashed in front of the tramp steamer. Almost at once, lifeboats went over the side, and men jumped from the deck into them.

Helsner laughed. "Yellow dogs, look at them run! When we get done with the ship we will sink them, too!" The sub moved in closer to the target. This time the gunner found his mark. A shot smashed high into the prow of the ship. In another moment the tramp was peppered with holes; the railings and superstructure were a maze of twisted metal.

The sailors looked at the tub quizzically. By now she should be sunk. Then Helsner laughed. "She must be carrying a load of cork. That's why she rides so

high and refuses to sink! Close in on her. This time we will end it!" Gradually the submarine pulled into point blank range. To starboard, the men who had left the doomed vessel pulled with all their might on the oars of the lifeboat. Von Helsner let them go. It would be only a matter of minutes to round them up . . . then the fun of shooting them down! When the sub was a scant five hundred yards off, the gunners took careful aim at the water line, then fired!

A hole was ripped into the rusted side just above the water line. Then it happened. There was a flash of activity on the deck of the apparently deserted steamer! A machine gun suddenly sang a song of death as it raked the deck of the sub. Sailors not within the protection of the gun or the conning tower crumpled to the deck, dead.

VON HELSNER was taken aback. He leaped behind the forward gun just in time to escape a withering hail of bullets. "Kill them, you dogs! Kill them!" he shouted. The men rammed home a shell. But before they could fire, a strange thing happened on board the tramp. Part of the crumpled cabin began to slide back. A peculiar whine broke through the air, and a six inch gun came up on an elevator shaft from the very bowels of the ship!

It was a huge thing, gleaming dully in the light of the morning. Immediately the muzzle blossomed into a mushroom of yellow flame. The range was point-blank, still, but the tables were turned. The men on the sub gasped at the sight. Then the shot from the steamer smashed through the conning tower. To submerge again was hopeless, they had to fight back now!

The slamming of the two guns split the day wide open. A shot from the steamer threw the sub

broadside. A perfect target! But in this new position they could bring their stern gun into action. Von Helsner wasted no time. Quickly the men dashed to the other cannon. It spit fire at the ship, trying desperately to knock the other gun from the deck. Shrapnel whizzed through the air, while men dropped to the deck of both the sub and the steamer.

YET THEY KEPT up the steady fire! The sub was a mess. Gaping holes ran across the deck and water washed into them. Then the big rifle on the tramp steamer spat. Once again a shell hit the sub directly at the water line and ripped into its backbone. A tearing shudder went through the entire length of the dark hull, and it split in half! Men screamed as the boat went down beneath them. Those that weren't wounded enough to die quietly, shouted their lungs out as they were caught in the swirling vortex of the whirlpool. All of them went under. They died as they had sent others to their deaths, and would have sent the survivors of the tramp had the end been the other way around.

On the steamer, five men leaned on the hot gun. A doctor was rapidly administering to the wounded, and the rest gazed out to where the sub had been. Behind them, wildly cheering boatloads of men pulled toward their ship. Dan Cassidy grinned at the other gunner. "Well, that's that! Helsner and his boys got quite a reputation in these parts, but it won't make any difference where he's going! Golly. It sure was smart of the Brass Hats to Pull the first World War stunt of outfitting "Q" ships! I bet those babies got the surprise of their lives when Betsy here poked her snout over the gun'le and gave them a little back talk!"

THE END



# AL T. TUDE

BURT GATES

HOW ABOUT IT, FOLKS? - WANT TO GO OVER TO THE DEVIL'S SHELF TODAY?

NAW! - WHY WOULD WE WANT TO GO UP THERE? ... WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO GO UP THERE?

THAT'S TH' TROUBLE! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO GO TO THE DEVIL'S SHELF? OH, OH ... HERE COMES MR. PINCHER!

MAKE A TRIP TO THE DEVIL'S SHELF ... NEVER CLIMBED BY MAN!  
PRICE: \$2000 a pair \$2000 a pair ... 50¢  
**AL T. TUDE**  
I CATER TO SPECIAL PARTIES



OH, WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO LEND YOU THE MONEY FOR THIS CRAZY SCHEME!

YES, SIR! YOU SURE WERE!

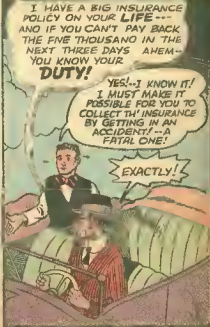
BUT I STILL HAVE THREE DAYS TO PAY BACK THE MONEY! ... AN', BESIDES, YOU HAVE YOUR INVESTMENT PROTECTED!

THAT'S RIGHT!

I HAVE A BIG INSURANCE POLICY ON YOUR LIFE --- AND IF YOU CAN'T PAY BACK THE FIVE THOUSAND IN THE NEXT THREE DAYS AHEM-- YOU KNOW YOUR DUTY!

YES!--I KNOW IT! I MUST MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO COLLECT TH' INSURANCE BY GETTING IN AN ACCIDENT! --A FATAL ONE!

EXACTLY!





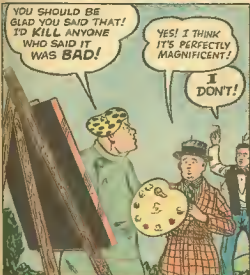
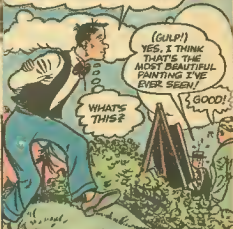
HUMPH! A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN THREE DAYS! -- LET'S SEE! ... AT FIFTY CENTS A TRIP, IT'LL TAKE JUST TEN THOUSAND TRIPS TO EARN FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! (GULP) -- THERE AIN'T ENOUGH TIME! -- SAY -- I'VE AN IDEA!



I CAN RAISE TH' PRICE TO TEN DOLLARS A TRIP! ... THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE FIVE HUNDRED TRIPS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE? I CAN DO IT EASILY IF I HAVE THE FIVE HUNDRED CUSTOMERS!



... BUT THAT'S TH' TROUBLE! I HAVEN'T TH' CUSTOMERS -- EVEN AT FIFTY CENTS A TRIP! -- I MAY AS WELL HAVE TH' ACCIDENT NOW -- IF I CAN ONLY THINK OF A WAY TO DIE! IF ONLY SOMEONE WOULD KILL ME!

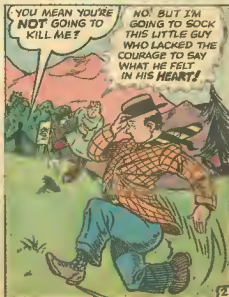


YES! I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY MAGNIFICENT!

I DON'T!



I'M GOING TO SHRED YOU UP INTO COLE SLAW -- THEN FEED YOU TO TH' BIRDS! GRRRRR!





WELL! THAT DIDN'T WORK -- I'LL HAVE TO FIND MY FATAL ACCIDENT IN ANOTHER WAY -- SAY! WHAT'S THIS?


AYE! HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO TRY TO CAPTURE ALIVE!

SHALL WE SHOOT TO KILL, SHERIFF?

A SECOND LATER, AL HAILES THE POSSE ...

WHAT'S COOKING, SHERIFF?

LO, AL ... THERE'S A DESPERATE KILLER AROUND HEAR SOME PLACE! HE'D MURDER ANYONE --- JUST FER TH' LAUGH! ... HERE'S HIS PICTURE! HAVE YA SEEN HIM?

**WANTED!**  
BENNY THE BUTCHER!  
  
FOR MURDER!



THE F.B.I. WIRED THAT HE WAS HEADED UP THIS WAY ... HE'S LOOKING FOR A HIDEOUT --- KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR HIM! THERE'S A BIG REWARD!

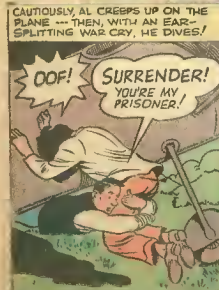
YOU BET I WILL -- YES, SIR!

BOY! I HOPE I SEE HIM! IF I CATCH HIM, I'LL GET TH' REWARD! ... AN' IF HE KILLS ME, MR. PINCHER'LL GET TH' INSURANCE -- THEN EVERYBODY'D BE HAPPY!

...CEPT ME!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ... AS AL APPROACHES HIS AUTOGYRO! ...

WOW! THERE'S SOMEONE FOOLING WITH MY PLANE! MAYBE IT'S HIM! ... BOY! HERE'S WHERE I COLLECT TH' REWARD!



CAUTIOUSLY, AL CREEPS UP ON THE PLANE --- THEN, WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING WAR CRY, HE DIVES!

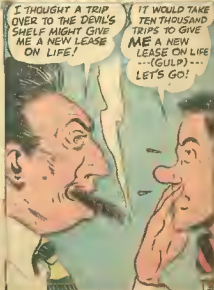
OOF!

SURRENDER! YOU'RE MY PRISONER!



OH! - I'M SORRY! STRANGER, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE!

HUMPH! YOU YOUNG NINCOMPPOOR! I WAS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO RETURN!



I THOUGHT A TRIP OVER TO THE DEVIL'S SHELF MIGHT GIVE ME A NEW LEASE ON LIFE!

IT WOULD TAKE TEN THOUSAND TRIPS TO GIVE ME A NEW LEASE ON LIFE --- (GULP) --- LET'S GO!

MINUTES LATER, AL AND HIS CUSTOMER  
TAKE OFF FOR THE TOP OF DEVIL'S  
SHELF! ....

THIS IS SURE  
A SWELL PLANE!  
IT GOES RIGHT  
STRAIGHT UP, EH?

YES, SIR! I  
BELIEVE IT'LL GO  
UP OR COME DOWN  
IN A SPACE NO  
BIGGER THAN AN  
ELEVATOR  
SHAFT!

THIS IS THE ONLY  
PLANE IN THE WORLD  
THAT'LL LAND ON THE  
DEVIL'S SHELF--AND  
TAKE OFF FROM  
THERE!

SEE?

WONDERFUL!

KIND OF LONELY  
UP HERE, EH?...  
GREAT PLACE FOR  
SPOONING!-- IF  
ANYONE'S  
INTERESTED!

OR FOR A  
MURDER!  
HEH-HEH! HOW  
DO THE GEARS  
WORK THAT  
MAKE THE  
PLANE GO UP  
AND DOWN?

OH, A CHILD COULD  
OPERATE THEM ---  
COME HERE ---GLAD  
TO SHOW YOU!

BUT--PERHAPS AL WOULDN'T BE SO "GLAD"  
IF HE COULD HEAR A CONVERSATION TAKING  
PLACE AT THAT MOMENT, IN BOSTON!

GOOD HEAVENS! ...  
THIS WAS OUR FIRST  
CONTRACT FOR  
GOVERNMENT  
PRINTING--  
AND LOOK!

OH!--WHAT A TERRIBLE  
MISTAKE!--I  
COULDN'T HAVE  
MADE THAT ERROR!  
(GULP) -- BUT I  
DID!

WANTED!  
BENNY THE BUTCHER!

OR MURDER  
REWARD

"PROFESSOR"  
DANDYLION--  
"MASTER OF THE VIOLIN..."

CONCERT ...  
(INVEST LOCAL BATHS  
OF APPRECIATION!)

I PUT THE WRONG  
PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE  
POSTERS--SHOULD BE  
JUST THE OPPOSITE!  
OH!--WE MUST NOTIFY  
THE POLICE!--DO  
YOU SUPPOSE IT'S  
ALREADY TOO  
LATE?

TCH!  
TCH!

AT THAT INSTANT, BACK ON  
THE DEVIL'S SHELF!

BOY!--THIS WOULD  
BE A SWELL WIDEOUT  
FOR A CROOK--  
WOULDN'T IT? IF  
HE HAD THIS PLANE  
TO GET AROUND IN!

YES!--IF HE  
KNEW HOW TO FLY  
IT-- BUT YOU AND  
I ARE THE ONLY  
PEOPLE ALIVE  
WHO CAN  
DO THAT!

OF  
COURSE!

AREN'T  
WE?



AT THAT MOMENT --- AN  
AIRLINER SWEEPS ACROSS  
THE SKY ---

☹ ☹!! ONE OF THESE MAIL  
SACKS BROKE OPEN! SAY, MACK!  
LOOK AT THESE F.B.I. POSTERS!

HEY! IT'S HIS PICTURE!  
--THE LITTLE GUY IN SEAT  
SEVEN, WHO INSISTED ON  
WEARING A PARACHUTE!  
LET'S GET HIM!

PUT UP YOUR  
HANDS, BENNY!  
THE BUTCHER!  
--OR WE'LL  
KILL YOU!

HO-HO. THIS  
MUST BE A  
PUBLICITY  
STUNT. MY  
MANAGER  
ARRANGED  
-- I'LL DO  
MY PART

OMIGOSH! HE'S  
TRYING TO GET  
AWAY! HE'S  
OPENING THE  
PORT---

STOP  
HIM!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

LOOK! --IT'S GETTING  
CROWDED  
UP HERE!

OH-OH! I  
KNOW WHO HE  
IS--I'VE SEEN  
HIS  
PICTURE!

OH--WHAT A  
WONDERFUL  
PUBLICITY STUNT!  
THIS'LL BE IN  
EVERY PAPER  
BY MORNING!

CRIME  
DOESN'T  
PAY!

HEY! WHAT ARE  
YOU WHACKING  
HIM FOR?

YOU MEAN YOU  
DON'T KNOW WHO  
HE IS? -- I'M  
GOING TO GET  
FIVE THOUSAND  
DOLLARS  
FOR HIM!

HO!--SO THIS PLANE  
BUSINESS IS JUST A  
SMART FRONT FOR  
HIS REAL RACKET!  
KIDNAPPING!  
WMM! PRETTY  
CLEVER!

WELL, LOOK! ---  
THERE'S ENOUGH  
COIN FOR BOTH  
OF US! --- I'LL  
HELP YOU IN  
THIS --- HOW  
ABOUT IT?

FINE!  
LET'S LOAD  
HIM IN THE  
PLANE! I  
KNOW  
WHERE I  
CAN PICK UP  
THE DOUGH  
FAST!

A SHORT TIME LATER... AL  
SETTLES THE PLANE DOWN  
IN THE COUNTY JAIL YARD!

WAIT HERE!  
I'LL GET THE  
SHERIFF!

THE SHERIFF!??  
--WHY YOU  
DOUBLE-CROSSING  
@@#!!!

NO ONE CAN  
DO THAT TO ME!  
I'LL GET AWAY  
IN YOUR  
PLANE!

UGG!

AL T.  
TUDE!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?  
WHO'S IN  
YOUR  
PLANE?

NEVER MIND  
THAT  
SHERIFF!  
I'VE GOT  
BENNY  
THE BUTCHER!  
SEE?

A MOMENT LATER, BENNY  
CLIMBS INTO THE PLANE  
AND ZOOMS SKYWARD!

OH!! THAT'S NOT  
HIM! --THERE WAS  
A MISTAKE ON THE  
POSTER! HERE'S  
A PICTURE OF THE  
REAL  
BENNY!

OH! --HE'S TH'  
BIRD WHO  
FLEW OFF IN  
MY PLANE!  
HE'S GONE!  
--AND I'M  
AS GOOD AS  
GONE, TOO!

AN HOUR  
LATER...

MR. PINCHER--  
TH' BUSINESS HAS  
FAILED-- ME TOO!  
I'LL HAVE TH'  
FATAL ACCIDENT  
NOW--YOU RUN  
OVER ME WITH  
YOUR CAR!

HUMPH!  
VERY  
WELL!

WITH A GRIM EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE, AL  
LIES DOWN TO AWAIT HIS FATAL ACCIDENT!

HERE'S TH' END--  
I CAN HEAR TH'  
MOTOR!

THERE  
HE IS!

THE MOMENT THAT FOLLOWS IS THE  
STRANGEST ONE IN ALL OF AL'S CAREER!  
INSTEAD OF HITTING HIM... THE CAR STOPS!

GET UP, AL...  
YOU'RE A HERO  
--AND A RICH  
ONE! HERE'S  
FIVE THOUSAND  
BUCKS!

YEAH!--THROUGH  
YOUR CLEVER  
SCHEME WE  
CAUGHT BENNY  
THE BUTCHER!  
--YOU WERE  
TERRIFIC!

HUH?

HA-HA! YEP!--WHEN  
BENNY STOLE YOUR  
PLANE HE ONLY KNEW  
HOW TO WORK THE  
AUTOGYRO GEARS,  
SO HE WENT STRAIGHT  
UP-- FINALLY HE RAN  
OUT OF GAS-- AND  
HE CAME STRAIGHT  
DOWN-- BACK INTO  
THE PRISON  
YARD!

AS YOU BROUGHT HIM  
THERE IN TH' FIRST PLACE,  
YOU GET TH' WHOLE REWARD.  
YOU'VE PROBABLY SAVED  
A HUNDRED PEOPLE'S  
LIVES BY  
CATCHING  
HIM!

MAYBE  
NOT A HUNDRED  
--BUT I SAVED  
ONE THAT I  
KNOW OF!--

WHOSE?

MINE!

WELL, GANG!  
-- THAT'S  
ALL TILL  
NEXT MONTH,  
WHEN AL  
ZOOMS AGAIN!

# BULL'S-EYE

# BILL

LOOK THERE,  
BEEL!  
LLAMAS!

BLESS MY  
SOUL! WHAT A  
CRITTER! LOOKS  
LIKE A CROSS  
BETWEEN A  
GOAT AN'  
A CAMEL!

BILL AND HIS PAL PANCHO ARE  
ONCE MORE ON THE TRAIL OF ADVENTURE  
ON THEIR LONG HORSEBACK JOURNEY  
TO PANCHO'S HOME IN ARGENTINA...  
WE FIND THEM NOW IN THE  
HEART OF THE PERUVIAN ANDES...

DO YUH  
RECKON A  
FELLER COULD  
RIDE ONE OF  
THOSE "YAMAS,"  
PANCHO?

WELL, IT'S  
BEEN DONE,  
BEEL, BUT THEY  
ARE BETTER AS  
PACK-ANIMALS.

FILLED WITH  
CURIOSITY,  
THE BOYS  
DISMOUNT  
AND MAKE  
A TRY AT  
CAPTURING  
A LLAMA...

WE'LL GET TO  
WINDWARD OF 'EM,  
PANCHO. I'LL MAKE  
A TRY WITH MY ROPE.  
IF I MISS, TRY  
YOUR BOLA!

SI, SEÑOR  
BEEL!

JOHN  
DALY



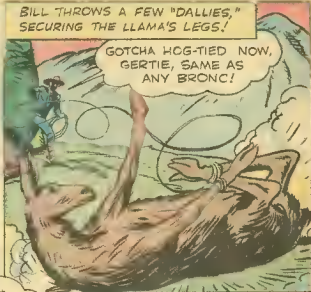
A LIGHTNING CAST  
OF THE ROPE AND---

GOOD THROW  
BEEL! WE HAVE  
HEEM!



BILL THROWS A FEW "DALLIES,"  
SECURING THE LLAMA'S LEGS!

GOTCHA HOG-TIED NOW,  
GERTIE, SAME AS  
ANY BRONC!



WHAT WE  
DO NOW,  
BEEL?

WE'LL GET  
'ER ONTO HER  
FEET, PANCHO!  
I'LL GIT ABOARD  
'ER--AN' YOU  
TAKE OFF  
THE  
HOBBLES!

NOTHING THAT WEARS HAIR  
HAS EVER THROWN BILL!

READY,  
BEEL?

LET  
'ER  
BUCK!

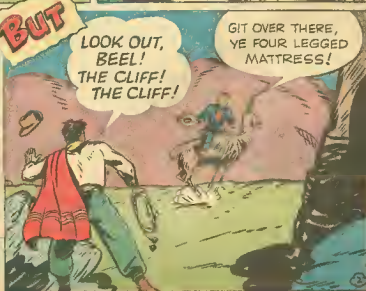


SHUCKS,  
PANCHO!  
THIS IS A  
CINCH!

**BUT**

LOOK OUT,  
BEEL!  
THE CLIFF!  
THE CLIFF!

GIT OVER THERE,  
YE FOUR LEGGED  
MATTRESS!



TOO LATE PANCHO  
THROWS THE BOLA!

BUEN PRINCIPIO!  
AI! AI!  
HE EES  
GONE!



PANCHO RUSHES TO  
THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!



STRANGE! NOT  
A TRACE OF THEM!  
WHERE ARE  
THE  
BODIES?



THE GAUCHO RUSHES  
BACK TO THE HORSES.



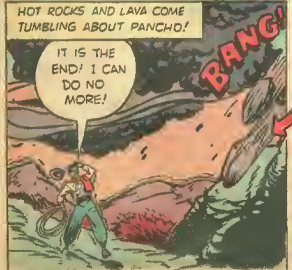
I MUST  
GET MY LONG  
ROPE AND LOWER  
MYSELF DOWN  
TO LOOK FOR  
BEEL!  
QUE DIAS!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE MOUNTAIN,  
REALLY A VOLCANO, STARTS TO  
ERUPT! THE EARTH SHAKES!



HOT ROCKS AND LAVA COME  
TUMBLING ABOUT PANCHO!

IT IS THE  
END! I CAN  
DO NO  
MORE!



AS THE VOLCANO CONTINUES TO RUMBLE, PANCHE HAS TO ABANDON HIS SEARCH FOR BILL!



PANCHE'S BRILLIANT HORSEMANSHIP PACIFIES THE HORSES, AND HE LEADS THEM TO THE SHELTER OF AN OVERHANGING ROCK...



STUNNED BY THE FALL, BILL AND HIS MOUNT ARE PULLED INSIDE THE CAVE!



PANCHE ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT A STAMPEDE!



BUT WHAT DID HAPPEN TO BILL? WELL---

AFTER THE LLAMA BUCKED OVER THE CLIFF, THEY LANDED ON A LEDGE...

HOWEVER...



THE STRANGERS LOSE NO TIME IN SECURING BILL---



IMMEDIATELY THE VOLCANO BEGINS TO ERUPT!





BILL'S CAPTORS DISAPPEAR DEEP INTO THE CAVE LEAVING HIM TO HIS FATE!

THOSE SCREAMS!  
THE EARTH MUST  
HAVE FALLEN IN  
ON THOSE GUYS!

AIEE!  
EYEEFOW!

GRADUALLY THE HORROR SUBSIDES ---

MIGHT JUST  
AS WELL HAVE  
BEEN KILLED,  
MYSELF--  
I'LL STARVE  
ANYWAY

THE LAVA MISSED  
ME, BUT THE ROCKS  
ARE PLENTY HOT---  
SAY! -- THAT GIVES  
ME AN IDEA!


BILL INCHES HIS  
WAY OVER TO THE  
HOT ROCKS AND--

-- THE REST  
IS EASY!

FREE AT  
LAST!  
HERE'S A  
COAT  
SOMEBODY  
LEFT!  
IT MAY  
BE A CLUE  
TO WHO  
THEY  
WERE!

BILL FINDS ---

ENEMY  
ALIEN,  
EH?

CONFIDENTIAL  No. 26784  
AGENT OF THE REICH  
*Otto Ernst Pfeuffer*  
GESTAPO -- HAACH DIVISION III  
*Hilfer*  
TO FIGHT  
OR DIE

HIDIN' OUT FROM  
THE PERUVIAN  
AUTHORITIES,  
I RECKON, BUT  
HOW DO I GIT  
OUTA HERE?

MAA-AA-A-A!

OH-OH!  
--THE  
LLAMA!

THERE Y'ARE, WOOLIE!  
I SHORE FORGOT ALL  
ABOUT YUH!

BILL HAS FOUND THE LLAMA  
PINNED DOWN BY A LOG, AND  
HE RELEASES IT.

LED DEEPER INTO THE CAVE BILL FINDS A NARROW CREVICE OPENED BY THE EARTHQUAKE!

FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE UP THERE, BUT IT'S AWFUL STEEP!

WITH THE AID OF THE SURE-FOOTED LLAMA BILL STARTS TO CLIMB

HALF-WAY UP, THEY PAUSE FOR BREATH.

QUEER LOOKIN' ROCK HERE! ---  
**GOLLY!**  
I KNOW WHAT THAT IS, TOO!  
WHAT LUCK!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AT THE TOP OF THE CREVICE, IS PANCHO -- DESPONDENT ---

AIEE-EE!  
POOR BILL!  
HE'S DEAD!

SUDDENLY...

**DIABLO!**

HI, PANCHO!  
DON'T WORRY! I'M NO GHOST! -- I MEAN, WE'RE NOT GHOSTS!

BEEL!  
EES EET REALLY YOU?

YES SIRREE, PANCHO, IN THE FLESH! AN' IF THIS STUFF THAT I FOUND IS WHAT I THINK IT IS, WE'VE GOT SOMETHIN' BETTER THAN GOLD! LET'S GET TO THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT LIMA!

THERE YARE, PANCHO! I'VE STAKED A CLAIM JEST LIKE THE PROSPECTORS DO!

TWO DAYS LATER--AT THE U.S. CONSULATE IN LIMA...

CONGRATULATIONS!  
MY BOY, YOU HAVE DISCOVERED A FORTUNE IN TIN!

MY FORTUNE IS UNCLE SAM'S, THEN! I FILED THAT CLAIM FOR THE U.S.A.

KEEP 'EM FLYING, FELLOWS!

Next Month...

BULL'S-EYE BILL AND HIS PAL, PANCHO, ARRIVE IN ARGENTINA!

... FOR ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE IN **TARGET** COMICS!

# PETE STOCKBRIDGE- *alias* "THE Chameleon"

MASTER OF DISGUISE!

SPIES!  
SNAKES! AND  
'GATORS!

A TRIPLE THREAT TO THE  
**CHAMELEON** AND HIS PAL,  
RAGSY, WHEN THEY INVADE  
THE TERROR-INFESTED SWAMPS  
OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES  
TO SMOKE OUT THE ENEMY!

... WE FIND THEM IN THE  
POST OFFICE, FINISHING  
THEIR BUSINESS BEFORE  
LEAVING ON A BOAT TRIP...

STICK AROUND,  
RAGSY, I'M GOING  
TO MAIL THESE  
LETTERS!

OKAY!  
I'LL BE OVER  
HERE!

HELP  
THE  
RED CROSS

WANTED

WANTED

ESPIONAGE

WOWIE!  
WOULD I LIKE  
TO GET MY MITTS  
ON SOME OF THOSE  
RATS!



WELL, WE'RE ALL SET!  
NOW FOR A LITTLE FUN  
ON THE HIGH SEAS!

HOT DOG!

POST OFFICE

QUICKLY, THE TWO MAKE THEIR WAY TO WHERE THEIR  
BOAT IS MOORED.

THIS IS GONNA  
BE FUN! WHERE'LL  
WE SAIL TO?

WHEREVER THE  
TIDE TAKES US, I  
WONDER IF OUR RADIO  
OPERATOR IS  
ABOARD YET!

THEN.... RAGSY STOPS SHORT!

PETE! THAT MAN ON THAT  
SPEED BOAT! HE'S A SPY!  
...SAW HIS PICTURE IN  
THE POSTOFFICE!

WHAT! YOU  
SURE? COME  
ON!!!

DESPERATELY THEY TEAR  
FOR THE ESCAPING BOAT, BUT—

IT'S NO USE...  
THEY'RE GETTING  
AWAY!

DOGGONE'IT!  
WHAT A STORY  
THAT WOULD  
HAVE MADE!

THEY BOARD THEIR BOAT  
AND GET READY FOR THE  
TRIP.

CAST OFF  
THOSE LINES  
THERE! SNAP IT UP!

HERE WE GO!  
FULL SPEED AHEAD!

ANCHORS AWEIGHT!

SUDDENLY, A FEW HOURS OUT...

PETE! PETE!!  
A FLOATING MINE  
DEAD AHEAD!

HOLY SMOKE!  
HARD APORT!  
FAST!

IN THE NICK OF TIME, THE BOAT  
DODGES THE FLOATING PERIL!

WOW! THAT  
WAS CLOSE!

YOU  
SAID IT!

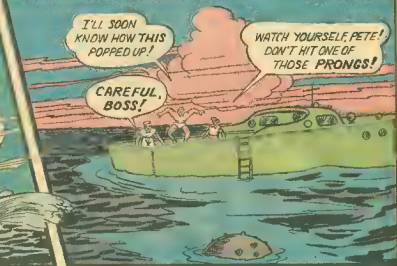


DETERMINED TO INVESTIGATE THE MINE, PETE DONS TRUNKS AND DIVES.

I'LL SOON  
KNOW HOW THIS  
POPPED UP!

CAREFUL,  
BOSS!

WATCH YOURSELF PETE!  
DON'T HIT ONE OF  
THOSE PRONGS!



PETE SWIMS BACK TO THE BOAT AND CALLS FOR A ROPE....

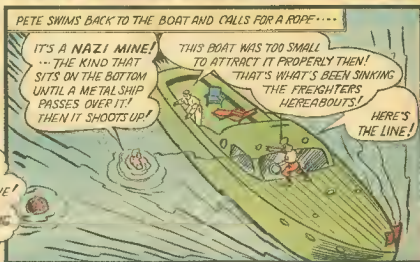
IT'S A NAZI MINE!  
...THE KIND THAT  
SITS ON THE BOTTOM  
UNTIL A METALSHIP  
PASSES OVER IT!  
THEN IT SHOOTS UP!

THIS BOAT WAS TOO SMALL  
TO ATTRACT IT PROPERLY THEN!  
THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN SINKING  
THE FREIGHTERS  
HEREABOUTS!

HERE'S  
THE LINE!



YE GODS!  
KRUPP!  
A GERMAN MINE!  
WE HAVE TO  
DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS!



QUICKLY, PETE LASHES THE  
ROPE TO THE MINE.....

WE'LL TOW THIS  
TO SHORE FOR  
SAFE KEEPING!



... THEN CLAMBERS ABOARD!

OKAY, WE'RE ALL  
SET LET'S GET  
GOING!

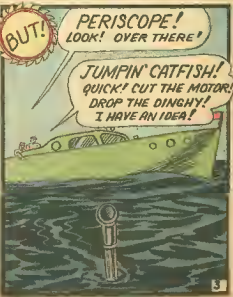
I HOPE  
WE DON'T RUN  
OVER ANY MORE  
OF THOSE  
THINGS!



BUT!

PERISCOPE!  
LOOK! OVER THERE!

JUMPIN' CATFISH!  
QUICK! CUT THE MOTOR!  
DROP THE DINGHY!  
I HAVE AN IDEA!



PETE AND RAGSY GO OVER THE SIDE IN THE DINGHY-- BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE PERISCOPE, THE SUB STARTS TO THE SURFACE!

PETE HAD INTENDED TO TIE A RAG AROUND THE PERISCOPE!

HOLY COW! SHE'S COMING UP! TOO LATE!

GOOD IDEA!

QUICK, RAGSY! MAYBE WE CAN GET ON BOARD AND NAIL THEM AS THEY COME OUT!

I'LL TIE UP TO THE RAIL! HURRY!

GOTCHA, PAL!

QUICKLY PETE CLIMBS THE CONNING TOWER.

I'LL GRAB THE FIRST ONE THAT COMES OUT!

YOU'D BETTER NOT MISS OR WE'RE SUNK!

AS PETE CROUCHES TO SPRING, THE CONNING TOWER HATCH OPENS----

HERE IT COMES!

...AND PETE JUMPS!

DIRTY NAZI! THIS'LL FIX YOU!

WHAM!

ACH!

BUT ANOTHER MAN APPEARS, AND----

AMERICANER PIC!

HE'S OFF! CRASH DIVE, QUICK!

DOWN GOES THE SUB, AND THE WATER CLOSES IN AROUND THE HELPLESS FORM OF PETE!

PETE! PETE! GET UP, PETE!



SWIMMING DESPERATELY, RAGSY REACHES PETE AND HOLDS HIM UP THEN....

HELP! HURRY UP!  
I CAN'T HOLD OUT  
MUCH LONGER!

DON'T GIVE UP!  
WE'LL BE  
RIGHT THERE!

CIRCLING SWIFTLY, THE BOATMEN SNATCH  
THE PAIR FROM DEATH!

PHEW!

YOU'RE OKAY  
NOW!

THAT WAS TOO MUCH!  
I'M SHAKING  
ALL OVER!

W-WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WELL  
I'LL  
BE--!

GOOD NIGHT SHIRT! LOOK!  
THE SUB'S TOWING THE  
DINGHY ALL OVER! HEAD  
FOR IT. I'VE AN IDEA RAGSY

I GOT IT  
ALREADY!  
GOOD IDEA

HA-HA!  
LOOK AT  
IT!

RACING TO THE STERN, PETE GRABS A HEAVY  
ANCHOR, AND TIES IT TO THE MINE.

THIS'LL SINK IT ALL  
RIGHT! WE'LL TOW IT  
ACROSS THE SUB'S  
PATH AND TRY TO TAG  
IT WITH THIS TOY!

HOLY MACKEREL!  
WE'LL BLOW IT TO  
KINGDOM COME!

WITH THE DEADLY MINE IN  
TOW, THEY WEAVE BACK  
AND FORTH ON THE TRAIL  
OF THE SUB!

I HOPE  
WE DON'T  
GET IT  
TOO!

IT WON'T BE  
LONG NOW!

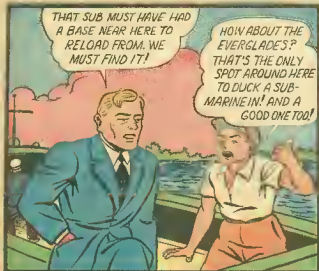
WE'RE CROSSING  
AGAIN SO GET  
READY!

SUDDENLY, THE MINE HITS!

WE'VE GOT  
'EM!

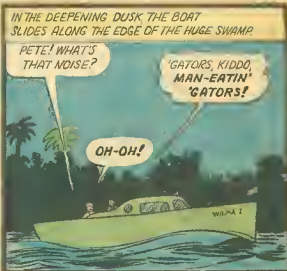
WHAT A  
SPOUT!

BOOM!



THAT SUB MUST HAVE HAD  
A BASE NEAR HERE TO  
RELOAD FROM. WE  
MUST FIND IT!

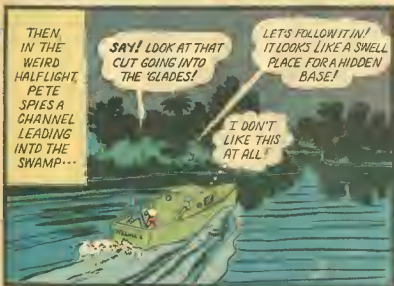
HOW ABOUT THE  
EVERGLADES?  
THAT'S THE ONLY  
SPOT AROUND HERE  
TO DUCK A SUB-  
MARINE IN! AND A  
GOOD ONE TOO!



PETE! WHAT'S  
THAT NOISE?

'GATORS, KIDDO,  
MAN-EATIN'  
'GATORS!

OH-OH!



THEN  
IN THE  
WEIRD  
HALF-LIGHT,  
PETE  
SPIES A  
CHANNEL  
LEADING  
INTO THE  
SWAMP...

SAY! LOOK AT THAT  
CUT GOING INTO  
THE 'GLADES!

LET'S FOLLOW IT IN!  
IT LOOKS LIKE A SWELL  
PLACE FOR A HIDDEN  
BASE!

I DON'T  
LIKE THIS  
AT ALL!



SLOWLY, THE BOAT GLIDES THROUGH  
THE DISMAL GLOOM OF THE EVER-  
GLADES...

PETE, LISTEN--  
VOICES-- AND  
WHIPS!

YOU'RE RIGHT!  
WE'LL HIDE THE  
BOAT, AND GO AHEAD  
ON FOOT!



BACKING THE BOAT INTO A SECLUDED SPOT, TO  
BE READY FOR A FAST GET-AWAY, PETE GETS  
SET!

GOOD LUCK,  
PETE!

YOU MEN STAY HERE.  
WE'RE GOING TO GET TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THIS!  
COME ON, RAGSY!

RIGHT WITH  
YOU!



OVER THEY GO!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT ME!

NOW WATCH  
YOURSELF,  
KIDDO!

AS THEY NEAR THE OTHER SIDE ....

PETE! HELP!  
A 'GATOR!

WHAT!

MEN POUR OUT OF THE THICKET! QUICKLY, PETE  
DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT!

GRAB THAT KID.  
DON'T LET HIM  
GET AWAY!

HOW'D YOU GET  
HERE, ANYWAY?

GET ME  
OUT OF  
HERE!

FIGHTING AND SQUIRMING IN THE ARMS OF HIS  
CAPTORS, RAGSY IS DRAGGED FROM THE WATER...  
PETE IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN!

TAKE HIM TO  
THE CHIEF! HE'LL  
FIX HIM!

LEGGO ME,  
YOU MUGGS!

THAT'S THE  
END O' THAT  
GATOR!

RAGSY IS HAULED IN FRONT OF THE CHIEF!

YOU! YOU DIRTY  
SPY! I'LL...!

SHUT UP BRAT! TIE HIM  
UP IN THE SHACK! I'LL  
FIND OUT WHAT HE'S  
DOING HERE

INSIDE...

TELL ME WHAT  
YOU'RE DOIN  
HERE OR I'LL  
BREAK YOUR  
NECK!

I TELL YOU  
I LOST MY WAY  
IN THE SWAMP  
AND CAME HERE  
BY ACCIDENT!

OW! YOU  
RAT!

JUST THEN...

HEY, CHIEF! HOW ABOUT USING  
THOSE SNOOPY SEMINOLE  
INDIANS WE CAPTURED, TO HELP  
LOAD THE SUBS?

OKAY! GO TO IT! I'LL  
GO WITH YOU! WE'LL  
ATTEND TO THE KID  
LATER!

BUT... AS THE CHIEF GOES OUT  
THE DOOR....

GLUGG!





BUT...  
IN A FEW  
MINUTES, HE  
REAPPEARS,  
AND STRIDES  
TO THE  
DOCKS, WHERE  
MEN WORK  
FEVERISHLY  
LOADING BOXES  
ON THE SUBS!

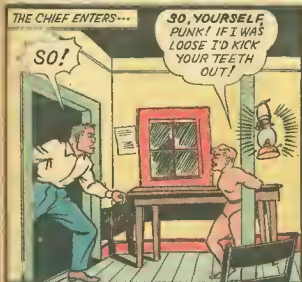
HURRY UP, YOU MEN!  
WE HAVE TO CLEAR  
OUT OF THIS  
PLACE! --

CRACK!



KEEP THESE MEN **BUSY!**  
I'M GOING BACK TO THE  
SHACK AND TAKE  
CARE OF THAT KID!

RIGHT CHIEF!  
WE'LL BE READY  
IN AN HOUR!



THE CHIEF ENTERS---

SO!

SO, YOURSELF,  
PUNK! IF I WAS  
LOOSE I'D KICK  
YOUR TEETH  
OUT!



RAGSY IS MAD! AS THE CHIEF COMES NEAR HIM---

GET AWAY FROM ME!

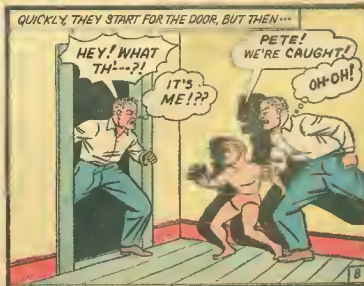
RAGSY, IT'S ME  
PETE! DON'T YOU  
RECOGNIZE ME?



PETE! HOLY COW!  
WHAT'S GOING ON  
AROUND HERE  
ANYWAY?

WOW!

I KNOCKED OUT THE REAL  
CHIEF AND TOOK HIS PLACE.  
WE HAVE TO WRECK THOSE  
SUBS AND SCRAM, BEFORE  
HE COMES TO!



QUICKLY, THEY START FOR THE DOOR, BUT THEN---

HEY! WHAT  
TH---?!

IT'S  
ME!??

PETE!  
WE'RE CAUGHT!

OH-OH!

PETE BRINGS UP A FAST RIGHT!

OUT OF MY WAY, PAL!

OOF!

WHAMO!  
THAT'S  
HITTIN' HIM,  
OLD BOY!

I'LL DISTRACT  
THE MEN. YOU SCREW  
ON THE CAPS AND  
PUSH THE MINES  
INTO THE WATER!

OKAY! HOPTO IT!  
MAYBE WE CAN BLOW  
THE SUBS UP!

THEY SPLIT UP .. THEN—

ALL YOU MEN COME  
HERE! I'VE SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!

WONDER  
WHAT'S UP?

?

SEARCH  
ME!

BUT AS PETE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF  
HIS SPEECH....

HES A FAKE! HERES  
THE REAL LEADER!

THEY FOUND HIM!  
I'D BETTER GET  
OUT OF HERE!

WHAT!

GET THAT  
GUY!

THE MEN JUMP PETE.

HE KNOCKED ME  
OUT! KILL HIM!  
HE'S A SPY!

WE'LL BREAK  
HIS NECK!

NOT YET,  
SONNY!

THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT! PETE SPINS AND DIVES  
INTO THE GATOR-INVESTED WATERS

HE'S GETTING AWAY!!

YOU FOOLS! YOU  
LET HIM ESCAPE!

PANG!

PETE DISAPPEARS! NOTHING REMAINS BUT  
BUBBLES. AND THE THRESHING OF THE GATORS' TAILS

HE'S DONE FOR!  
LET'S GET  
BACK TO WORK!

GOOD  
RIDDANCE!

HOWEVER, PETE IS FAR FROM DEAD!

RAGSY!  
IT'S ME!  
RUN FOR THE  
BOAT I'LL SET  
OFF THE  
MINE!

PETE! RIGHT!  
I'LL BEAT IT...  
WATCH YOUR  
SELF!



PETE SCRAMBLES OUT— AND  
RAGGY RUNS FOR IT!

NOW I'LL KILL A  
FLOCK OF BIRDS  
WITH ONE STONE  
... IF I CAN FIND  
ONE!



HIS SEARCH PROVES TO BE  
SUCCESSFUL!

MY AIM HAD  
BETTER BE  
GOOD ON THIS!



HERE  
GOES!



PETE FLATTENS HIMSELF BEHIND ONE OF THE PILES—  
THE ROCK HITS HOME ON THE MINE'S PRONGS, AND....



IMMEDIATELY—THE INDIANS  
TURN ON THEIR TORMENTING  
CAPTORS!

WHITE  
MEN  
DEVILS!

HELP!

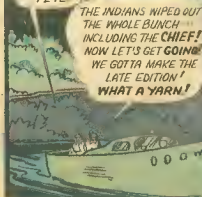
KILL!



CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE  
PETE FOLLOWS RAGGY BACK TO  
THE BOAT

WHAT HAPPENED  
BACK THERE  
PETE!

THE INDIANS WIPED OUT  
THE WHOLE BUNCH  
INCLUDING THE CHIEF!  
NOW LET'S GET GOING!  
WE GOTTA MAKE THE  
LATE EDITION!  
WHAT A YARN!



**EXTRA!**  
**EXTRA!**

...YOU BET!

THERE'S ALWAYS  
SOMETHING EXTRA  
IN THE WAY  
OF EXCITEMENT  
WHEN THE

**Chameleon**

GOES TO WORK  
IN  
TARGET COMICS!



# SPACEHAWK

AND THE  
MYSTERY  
OF THE  
GREEN  
FACES



**EXTRA**  
NOT BEAT NO. 1

**DAILY**

**GREEN PLAGUE SWEEPS NATION!**  
More Fall Victims To Mysterious Malady

Doctors and Scientists Baffled  
by Startling Pro-Axis State  
of Mind Accompanying  
Discoloration of Skin  
going over the country like a  
strange "Green Plague"  
today and reported latest of

Officers Among Stricken



All Sect  
Of North  
America  
Report  
incre  
pecul

Washin  
while  
plac  
with  
other  
Med  
Nac  
pa  
re

by  
**BASIL  
WOLVERTON**

**AT WASHINGTON, D.C.**

WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO  
HALT THIS HORRIBLE GREEN  
PLAGUE! ALREADY AN  
ALARMING NUMBER OF OUR  
GOVERNMENT LEADERS AND  
ARMY AND NAVY HEADS ARE  
VICTIMS! EVERY ONE OF  
THEM HAS TURNED AGAINST  
THE ALLIED CAUSE!

IT'S UNCANNY!  
UNLESS WE CAN STOP  
THIS THING AT ONCE,  
EVERY PERSON IN  
AMERICA WILL BE IN  
SYMPATHY WITH OUR  
ENEMIES! THAT WILL  
BE THE END OF THE  
UNITED STATES!



WHY DON'T WE  
CALL IN  
SPACEHAWK?

SPACEHAWK? HMM!  
WHAT DOES HE KNOW  
ABOUT RARE DISEASES?

LET'S CALL HIM.  
ANYWAY! WHAT'S  
THERE TO LOSE?



WE HOPE YOU CAN HELP US DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF THIS PUZZLING MALADY, SPACEHAWK! WE MUST SOMEHOW HALT ITS EFFECT ON OUR PEOPLE, OR THE AXIS WILL DEFEAT US WITHIN A FEW WEEKS!

LATER

I'LL NOT STOP UNTIL I FIND WHAT CAUSES IT, SENATOR!

I—I FEEL A LITTLE WEAK ALL OF A SUDDEN! BEEN WORKING OVERTIME TOO MUCH, I GUESS!

THE SENATOR STAGGERS. HIS FACIAL MUSCLES TWITCH VIOLENTLY. AND THEN..... HIS SKIN TURNS A LIVID GREEN!

GREAT GALAXIES! HE HAS THE GREEN PLAGUE!

MY HANDS! THEY'RE GREEN!

THERE, NOW! TAKE IT EASY! BETTER SIT DOWN!

NO! THERE ARE THINGS TO BE DONE! LISTEN, SPACEHAWK! WE'VE BEEN WRONG! WE MUST STOP WORKING AGAINST THE AXIS POWERS AND START WORKING WITH THEM! THEIR CAUSE IS RIGHT!

LET'S NOT TALK NOW! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO A HOSPITAL!

A HOSPITAL! I'M NOT SICK, YOU FOOL! I'M JUST BEGINNING TO SEE THE TRUTH! IF YOU DON'T AGREE WITH ME, THEN YOU ARE MY ENEMY! GET OUT BEFORE I KILL YOU!

THE SENATOR LEAPS FIENDISHLY AT SPACEHAWK, BUT.....

SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS!

SMACK!

THAT EVENING AS SPACEHAWK WORKS IN HIS LABORATORY, HE RECEIVES A CALLER.....

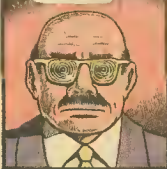
I AM DR. HEAMAN KRAUSMANN! I UNDERSTAND THE GOVERNMENT HAS WISELY ASKED YOU TO HELP SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN PLAGUE! I HAVE COME TO OFFER MY SERVICES TO YOU! YOU WILL ACCEPT THEM?

GLADLY, DOCTOR!  
I'M HONORED TO  
COLLABORATE  
WITH SUCH A  
FAMOUS  
SCIENTIST!  
HAVE YOU  
ANY  
THEORIES?

I HAVE! I CAN'T  
SAY WHAT MAY  
CAUSE THE VICTIMS'  
SKINS TO TURN GREEN,  
BUT I BELIEVE THAT  
THE SUDDEN PRO-AXIS  
STATE OF MIND IS BROUGHT  
ON BY A RELATIVELY  
SIMPLE CONDITION.



SEVERAL YEARS AGO I  
CONDUCTED A SERIES OF  
PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS.  
I FOUND THAT THE  
MIND, LIKE THE BODY,  
OFTEN REACTS IN A  
VIOLENT REVERSE  
MANNER TO CERTAIN  
STIMULI!



IN THIS CASE, THE STIMULUS  
IS THE WAVE OF PATRIOTIC  
FERVOR NOW ENVELOPING  
AMERICA. IN AN EFFORT  
TO COUNTERBALANCE THE  
EFFECTS OF THIS FLOOD  
OF EMOTION, MANY  
SENSITIVE MINDS TIP THE  
OTHER WAY! THE UNHAPPY  
RESULT IS THAT THE  
VICTIMS' ATTITUDE IS  
INVOLUNTARILY REVERSED,  
AND HATRED  
FOR OUR  
ENEMIES IS  
TURNED TO  
SYMPATHY!  
I BELIEVE  
THAT IS  
WHAT IS  
HAPPENING  
TODAY  
IN AMERICA!



WITH THESE  
IDEAS IN  
MIND, I  
SUGGEST  
WE START  
AT ONCE  
TO FIND  
A WAY TO  
OFFSET  
THE —

NOT SO FAST,  
DOCTOR! I'M  
AFRAID I DON'T  
AGREE WITH YOU!  
I THINK I'VE  
ALREADY DISCOVERED,  
AT LEAST IN PART,  
WHAT CAUSES THE  
GREEN PLAGUE!



YOU HAVE? THEN  
WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

I'M CERTAIN IT'S A  
CASE OF HYPNOSIS  
BY RADIO!



OH, COME NOW, SPACEHAWK!  
THAT'S A BIT TOO  
FAR FETCHED!

PERHAPS. BUT  
WITH THE AID OF  
MY SUPER-SENSITIVE  
SHORT WAVE RECEIVER,  
I'VE PICKED UP THE SOUND  
OF AN EXTREMELY HIGH  
FREQUENCY CARRIER WAVE!



NO SOUNDS ARE BEING  
BROADCAST ON THAT WAVE!  
ISN'T IT POSSIBLE, THEN, THAT  
THOUGHT SUGGESTIONS ARE  
BEING SENT OUT OVER IT,  
INSTEAD? PEOPLE WHOSE  
MINDS ARE NATURALLY ATTUNED  
TO THAT CERTAIN FREQUENCY  
COULD BE RECEPTIVE TO  
TELEPATHIC MESSAGES!

RATHER FANTASTIC,  
IN MY OPINION!



NEVERTHELESS, I'M GOING  
TO TRACK DOWN THE  
SOURCE OF THAT CARRIER  
WAVE — RIGHT NOW! WOULD  
YOU CARE TO ACCOMPANY ME?

WHY — AH — CERTAINLY!  
BUT HADN'T WE BETTER  
WAIT UNTIL MORNING  
TO GO ON THIS WILD  
GOOSE CHASE?



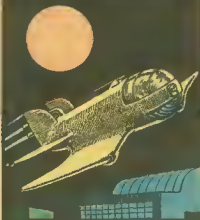
NO! EVERY HOUR WE  
LOSE MEANS MORE  
HEADWAY FOR THE  
GREEN PLAGUE! WE  
MUST GO NOW!

ALL RIGHT,  
SPACEHAWK, BUT I  
THINK YOU'RE ON  
THE WRONG TRACK!





THE TWO TAKE OFF  
IN SPACEHAWK'S PLANE....

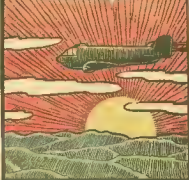


WE'LL HEAD IN THE DIRECTION  
INDICATED BY THE  
TRANSMITTER DETECTOR!  
BETTER SLIP ON THIS SET OF  
ANTI-GRAVITY STRAPS, DOCTOR!  
IT'LL LOWER YOU ABOUT AS  
FAST AS WILL A PARACHUTE -  
JUST IN CASE OF EMERGENCY!



BY DAYBREAK

WE'RE SOMEWHERE  
OVER CENTRAL MEXICO  
AND THE DETECTOR  
SHOWS WE'RE CLOSE  
TO OUR GOAL!



SURELY YOU  
DON'T  
EXPECT TO  
FIND A  
BROADCASTING  
STATION OUT  
IN THIS  
WILDERNESS!

OUR ENEMIES  
WILL GO TO  
ANY EXTREMES,  
DOCTOR!



THAT HUGE ROCK PILLAR OVER  
THERE TO THE EAST, FOR EXAMPLE,  
WOULD BE AN IDEAL SPOT FOR  
A TRANSMITTER AERIAL!



DR. KRAUSMANN  
STEALTHILY FLICKS  
THE SWITCH ON THE  
SHIP'S TRANSMITTER,  
AND WHISPERS INTO  
THE MICROPHONE!



SPACEHAWK'S KEEN  
EARS CATCH THE  
SOUND OF THE  
DOCTOR'S VOICE.....

CONSIDERATE OF YOU  
TO SEND A MESSAGE TO  
YOUR FRIENDS TO ANNOUNCE  
OUR ARRIVAL!



DR. KRAUSMANN WHIPS OUT A GUN!

YOU FINALLY  
CAUGHT ON,  
EH? WELL, IT'S  
TOO LATE  
NOW! THEY  
KNOW YOU'RE  
COMING, AND  
THEY'LL BE  
READY FOR  
YOU!

I COULD SEE THRU  
YOU FROM THE FIRST,  
YOU RAT! YOUR  
EFFORTS TO SIDE-  
TRACK ME WITH  
YOUR SILLY THEORY  
WERE TOO OBVIOUS!  
DROP THAT GUN BEFORE  
I SMACK YOU!



WITH SURPRISING  
SPEED DR. KRAUSMANN  
LEAPS BACK THRU THE  
DOOR TO THE CONTRAIL  
CABIN, AND SLAMS IT  
IN SPACEHAWK'S FACE!



DR. KRAUSMANN OPENS THE OUTER DOOR AND LEAPS FROM THE SHIP!

HE BAILED OUT!  
I SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN HIM THAT ANTI-GRAVITY STRAP! WELL, HE CAN'T GO FRA IN THIS DESERT!

KRAUSMANN LANDS AND RUNS TO THE ROCK TOWER...

HE'S COMING DOWN AFTER ME, BUT I'LL FOOL HIM!

HE DISAPPEARED IN THAT ROCK!

SPACEHAWK LANDS. AS HE RACES TOWARD THE CREVICE INTO WHICH DR. KRAUSMANN HAS DISAPPEARED, MACHINE GUN BULLETS POUR FROM A POINT HIGH UP ON THE ROCK!

THIS HOT RECEPTION PROVES I'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

HE BOUNDS TO THE CREVICE, AND....

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE KRAUSMANN!  
I'M COMING IN AFTER YOU! BETTER HAVE YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

COME AHEAD YOU GAP,  
AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

DR. KRAUSMANN FIRES AS SPACEHAWK COMES INTO VIEW — BUT HE IS TOO SLOW ON THE TRIGGER! SPACEHAWK DODGES, AND HIS FLAME GUN SPITS SUDDEN DEATH!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

BANG!

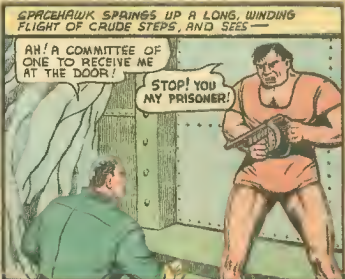
A PASSAGEWAY UP THRU THE ROCK!  
IT MUST LEAD TO THE PLACE WHERE  
THAT MACHINE GUN IS!



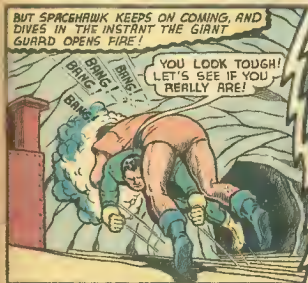
SPACEHAWK SPRINGS UP A LONG, WINDING  
FLIGHT OF CRUDE STEPS, AND SEES—

AH! A COMMITTEE OF  
ONE TO RECEIVE ME  
AT THE DOOR!

STOP! YOU  
MY PRISONER!



BUT SPACEHAWK KEEPS ON COMING, AND  
DIVES IN THE INSTANT THE GIANT  
GUARD OPENS FIRE!



YOU LOOK TOUGH!  
LET'S SEE IF YOU  
REALLY ARE!

FIRST LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN  
DO WITHOUT THAT GUN!



WOW! NOT BAD  
BROTHER!



CRACK!



RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!  
NICE WORK!





BACK YOU GO!



YOU WERE TOUGH BUT  
YOUR SKULL SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN TOUGHER



SPACEHAWK  
HEARS THE  
STEEL DOORS  
OPENING,  
AND WHIRLS  
TO SEE HIS  
OLD ENEMY—

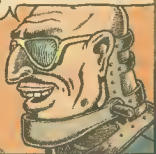
DR. GORE!



SURPRISED, EH, SPACEHAWK? THOUGHT THAT TUMBLE INTO THE CANYON KILLED ME, DIDN'T YOU? A NATIVE CARRIED ME OUT, AND IN SPITE OF MY BROKEN BONES, I LIVED! THIS NECK BRACE PUTS ME AT A PHYSICAL DISADVANTAGE, BUT YOU WON'T TOUCH ME—UNLESS YOU WANT A DEADLY DOSE FROM THIS ACID GUN!



MY NAZI AGENTS, INCLUDING DR. KRAUSMANN, HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU—JUST IN CASE YOU STARTED SNOOPING! MY BROADCASTING PRO-NAZI THOUGHT SUGGESTIONS INTO AMERICAN MINDS IS RATHER STUPENDOUS, DON'T YOU THINK? I OCCASIONALLY ALTER THE WAVE LENGTH TO MATCH THE VARIOUS TYPES OF HUMAN RECEIVERS! SOON ALL AMERICA WILL BE CONTROLLED BY MY POWERFUL, TRANSMITTED THOUGHTS, AND MY COUNTRY WILL WIN A QUICK AND BLOODLESS VICTORY!



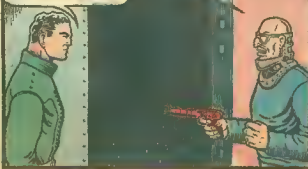
AS FOR THE GREEN SKINS, THE ULTRA-SHORT WAVES CAUSE A CHEMICAL REACTION WHICH ALTERS THE COLOR PIGMENT! I UNDERSTAND IT'S VERY EFFECTIVE!



DR. GORE TOUCHES A SWITCH AND A SECTION OF THE WALL MOVES BACK...

AND NOW I'M GOING TO SETTLE WITH YOU! THAT IS THE ENTRANCE TO A DUNGEON INSIDE THIS ROCK! YOU WILL ENTER AND STAY THERE UNTIL YOU DIE! GET IN THERE!

WHAT IF I REFUSE?



THE ACID INSIDE THIS GUN IS THE KIND THAT INSTANTLY BURNS TO THE BONE! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE SECONDS TO GO THRU THAT DOOR, OR.....



SPACEHAWK STEPS TOWARD THE DUNGEON...

YOU WIN,  
DR. GORE!

HA! VENGEANCE AT  
LAST! WHAT A PLEASURE  
IT WILL BE TO WATCH  
EACH STAGE OF YOUR  
DEATH!

LIKE A FLASH SPACEHAWK WHEELS,  
WHIPS OUT HIS GUN AND FIRES!

BUT YOU DON'T  
WIN FOR LONG!

OW!  
MY HAND!

IN YOU GO!

THAT SHOULD HOLD  
YOU UNTIL THE  
F.B.I. GETS HERE!

WHEN I GET THRU WITH THIS  
TRANSMITTER, I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT'LL WORK  
VERY WELL!

S  
L  
A  
M!

CRASH!  
BANG!

SPACEHAWK LEAPS FROM A WINDOW IN THE ROCK.....

NOW BACK TO WASHINGTON  
TO MAKE A REPORT!

ON THE WAY BACK HE HEARS A NEWS FLASH...

ACCORDING TO REPORTS FROM ALL  
SECTIONS OF AMERICA, THE GREEN  
PLAGUE HAS SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED!  
ALL VICTIMS HAVE MIRACULOUSLY RECOVERED!

THAT'S GOOD  
NEWS! WITH  
DR. GORE'S  
DIABOLIC MIND  
MESSAGES OFF  
THE AIR, THINGS  
ARE ALREADY  
BACK TO  
NORMAL!

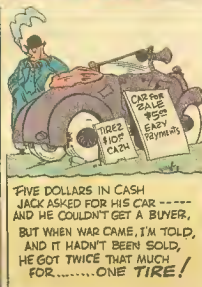
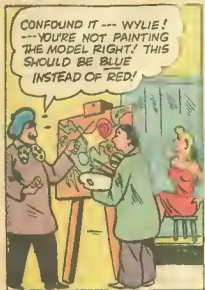
**NEXT** **SPACEHAWK** COMES BACK IN  
**MONTH** ANOTHER TARGET COMICS ADVENTURE



54 Colored 2½x3 Western Star Pictures 30c  
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You may have a set 54 pictures all Cowboys and Cowgirls. Size 2½x3 for 30c, or you may have a set of most Popular Movie Stars. Size 5x7 for 30c, or both for 50c. All Pictures in Bright Colors on Fine Paper. SCREEN ART STUDIOS, Dep. R 2029 N. Richmond, Chicago, Ill.







## Be a Printer!

Operate this steel **PRINTING PRESS**. Full equipment and instructions included.

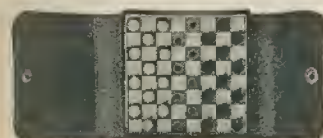
No. MO-108 .....\$1.00



## Spot far-off Objects

Everything appears bigger when seen through this 3 3/4" **POCKET TELESCOPE**.

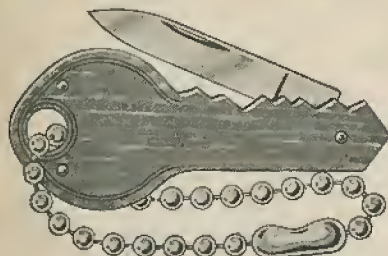
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Checkers can't slide off this **CHECKER GAME**.

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The **KEY KNIFE** is tricky to carry. Good for a gift.

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Heavy gauge quality steel. Bone stag handle. Get this **CAMP KNIFE AND SHEATH**.

No. MO-213 .....75¢



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### IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD!

Send the "**FLYING ACE**" **PARACHUTE JUMPER** soaring high into the air with the shooter. He'll drop gradually to earth just like one of Uncle Sam's Paratroops.

The jumper is designed in full regulation togs from goggles to heavy gloves. When opened out wide, chute and jumper together measure 3 feet.

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## You need this big Dictionary with World Maps

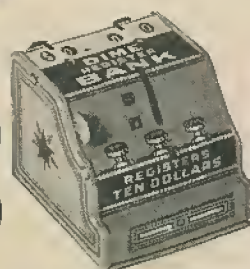
40,000 word meanings; 394 reference pages; 192 pictures; 14 "extra" sections. Wait till you see this handsome black and gold **DICTIONARY**.

No. MO-209 .....30¢

\$10

\$10

\$10



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Look behind you, over fences, around corners, with the **PERISCOPE**.

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20¢



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Make 'em jump with the **JOY BUZZER**.

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# 4 MOST

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FEATURES  
FOR  
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**FORMIDABLE PLOTS**

**FOREMOST ACTION!**

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STORIES  
YOU WILL  
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POPULAR DEMAND!



KING  
OF THEM  
ALL!

MEET...

**DON'T FLANNEL!**

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CITIZEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI...  
AND HIS MANY FRIENDS!

**WOW!** WAIT TILL YOU READ  
**EDISON BELL!**



FAST ACTION! HUMAN INTEREST!  
...PLUS SIX GADGETS FOR YOU!

AND KIT CARTER THE  
**CADET**



YESSIR! KIT SNAPS INTO ONE OF HIS FASTEST YARNS THIS TIME!

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OF

## 4 MOST

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---WE WOULDN'T WANT  
YOU TO MISS THIS BIG  
ISSUE! ... IT'S ONE OF THE  
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